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A COLLECTORS' EDITION

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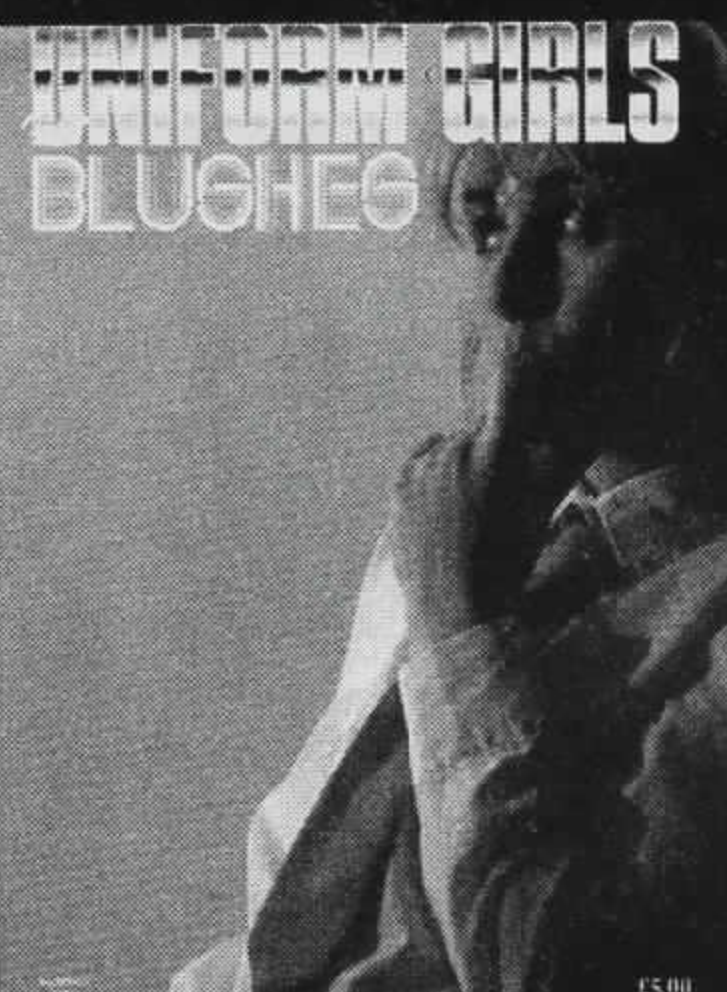
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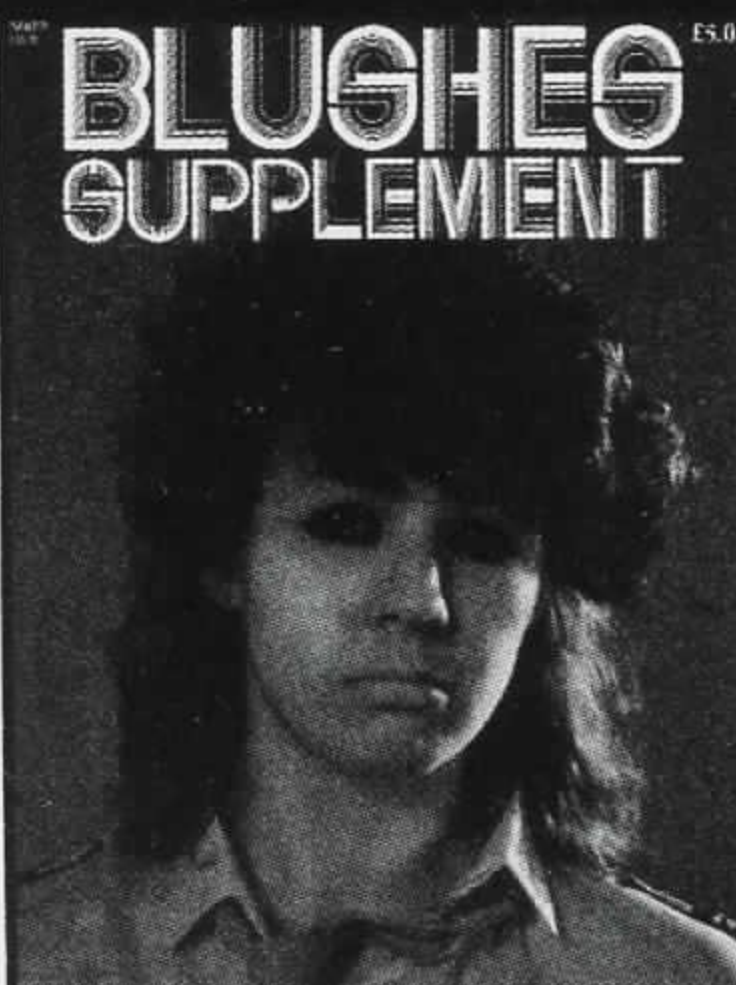


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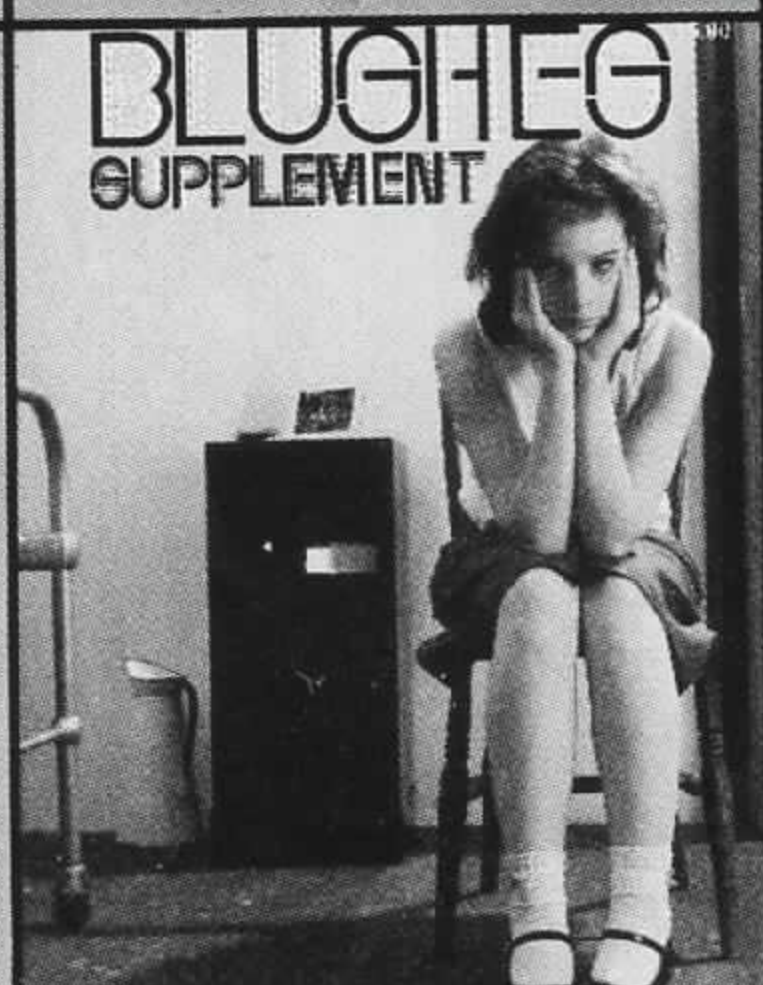
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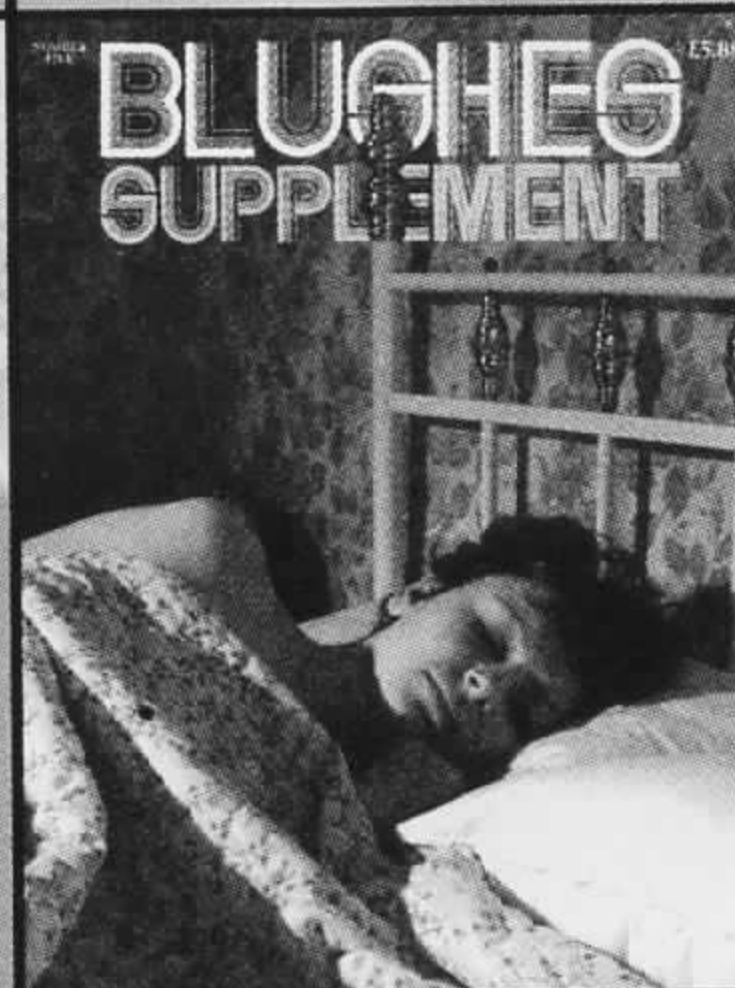
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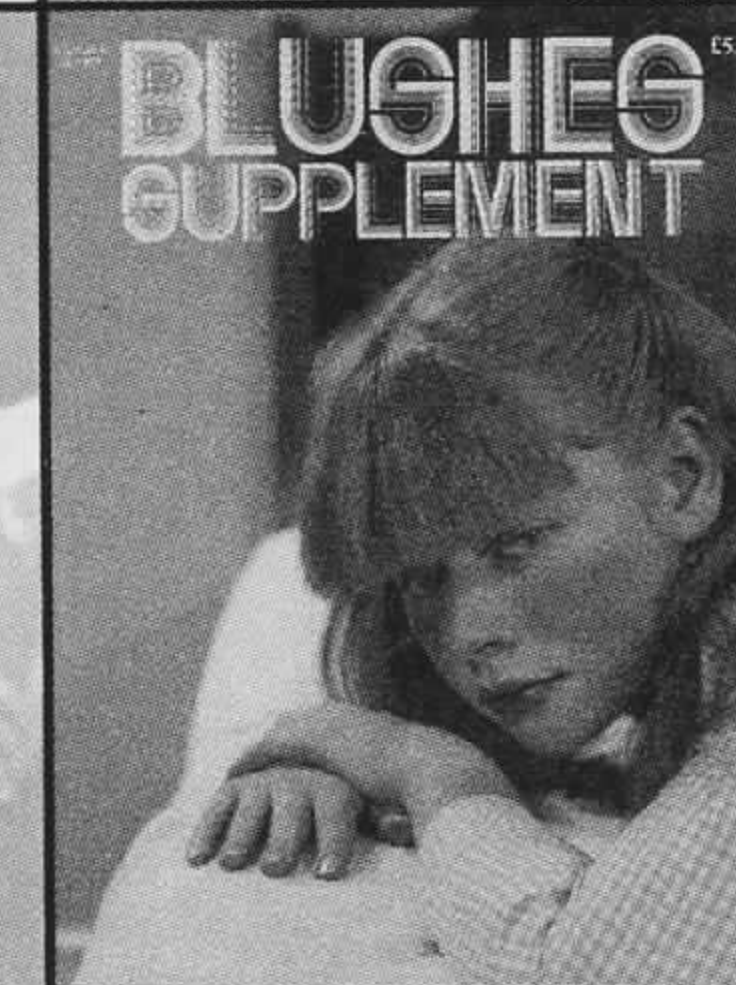


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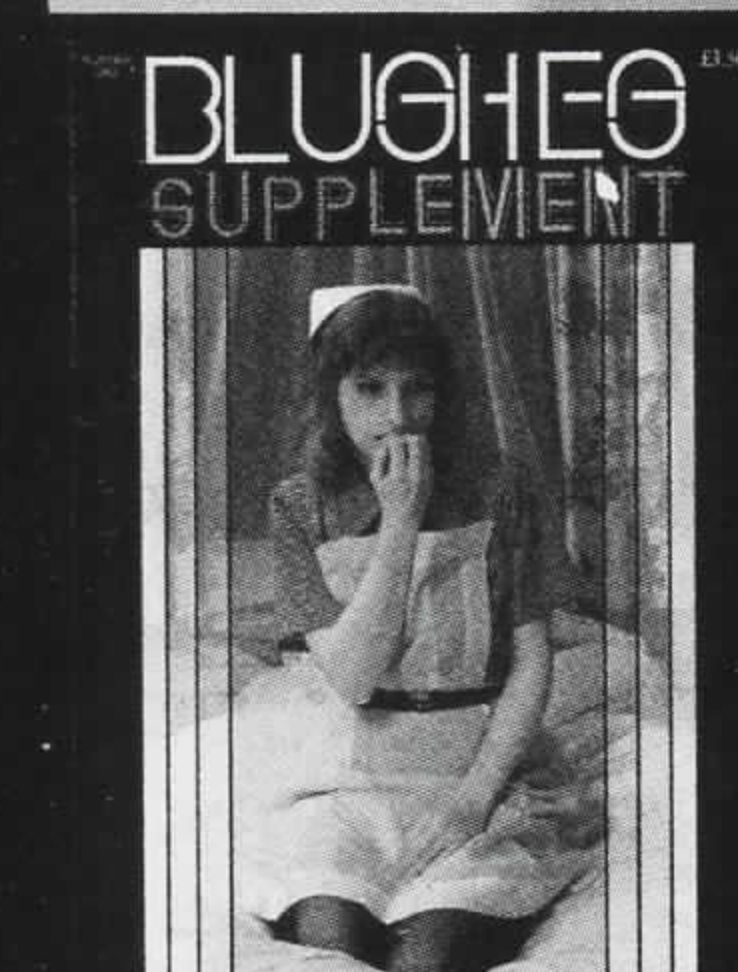
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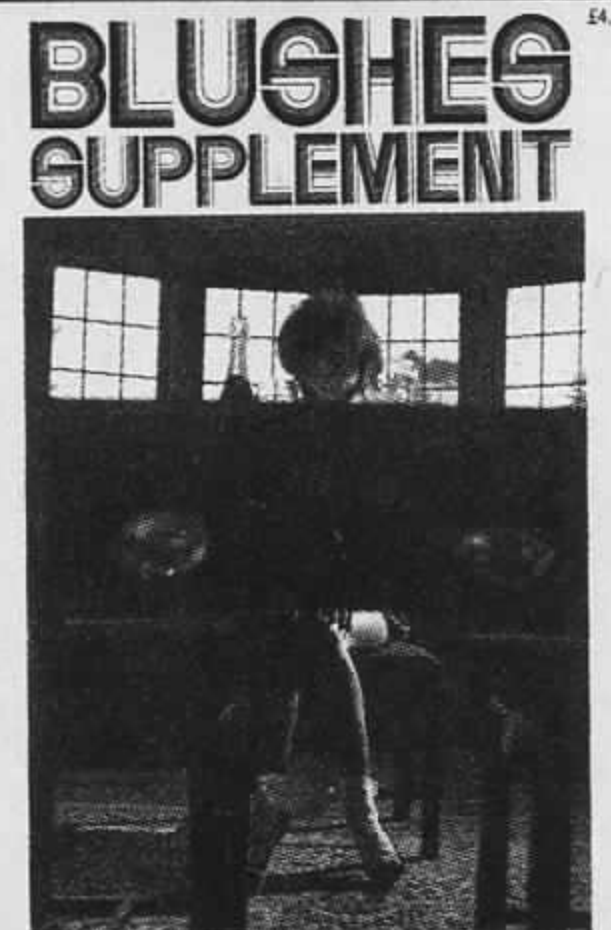
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BLUSHES

14

Front Cover: From an article in WHISPERS No. 1.

BLUSHES

A Bi-monthly Collector's Special



Approved School Report



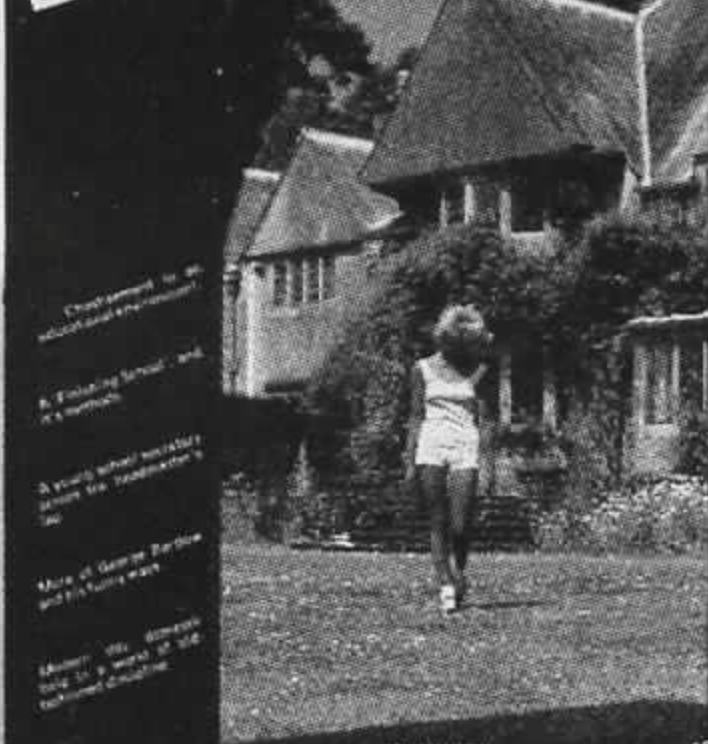
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BLUSHES



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and Mr Martin.

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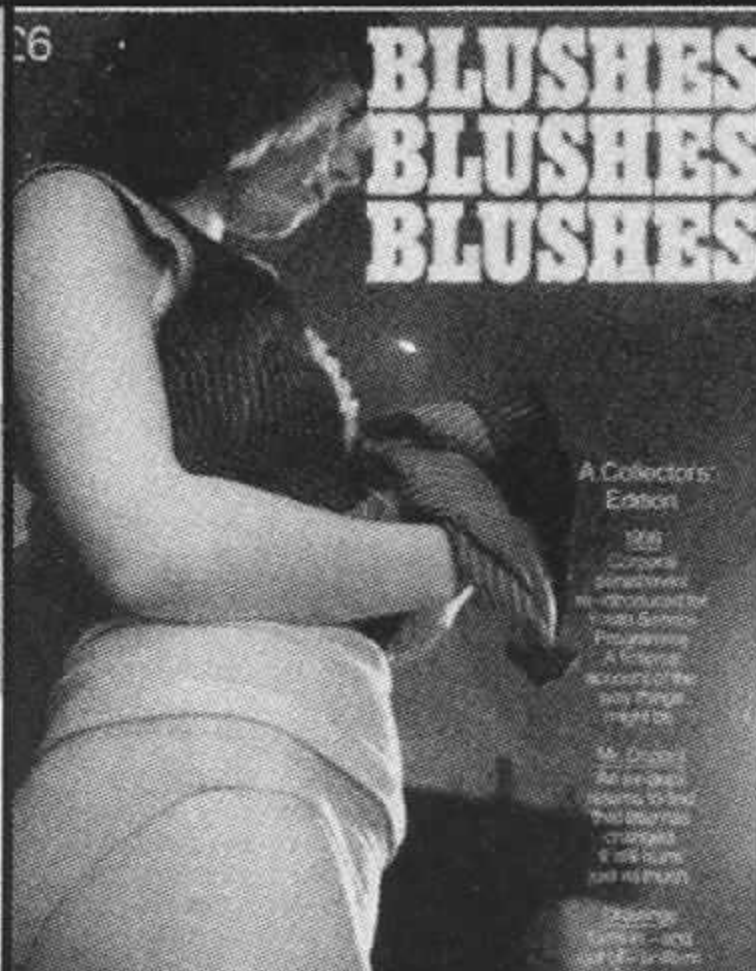
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UNIFORM GIRLS BLUGHEG



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BLUGHEG UNIFORM GIRLS



BLUSHES UNIFORM GIRLS

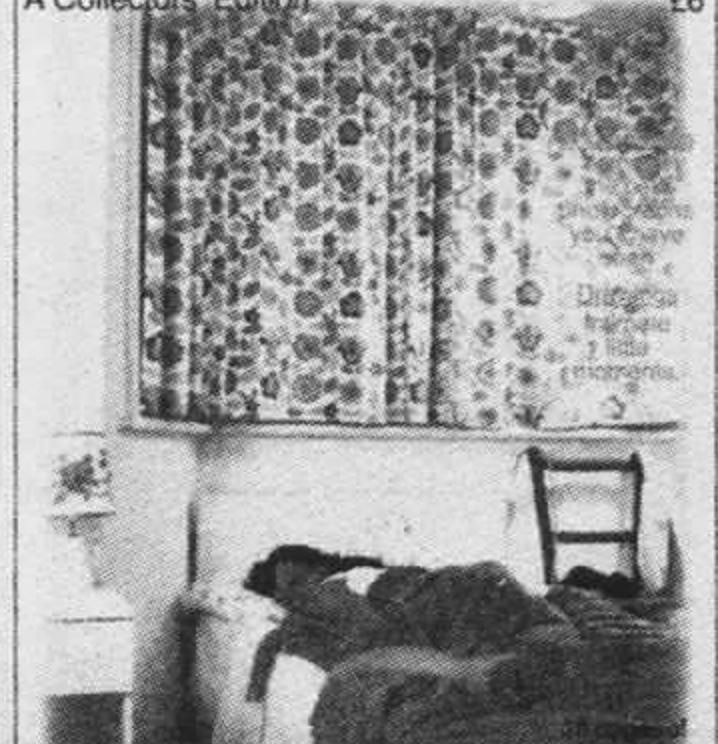
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BLUGHEG

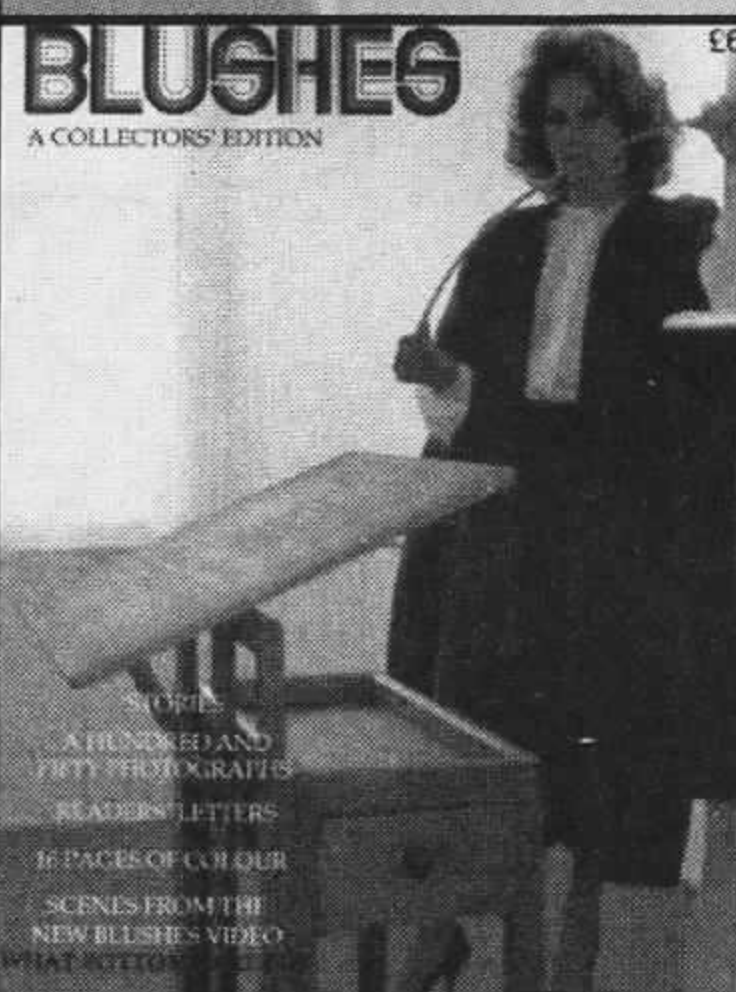
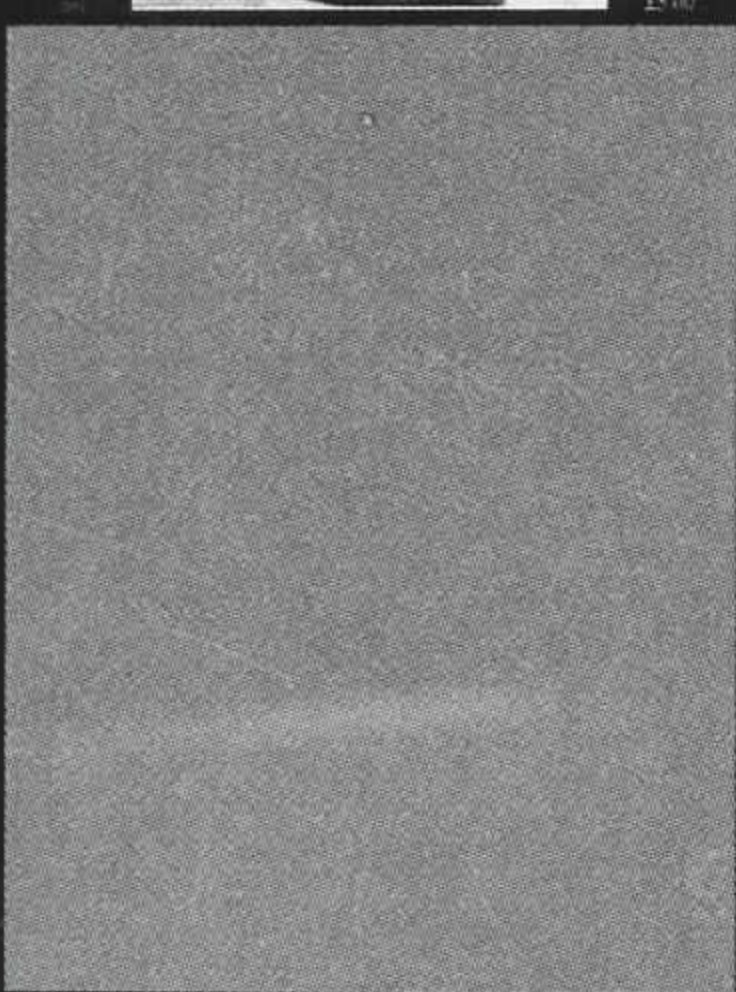
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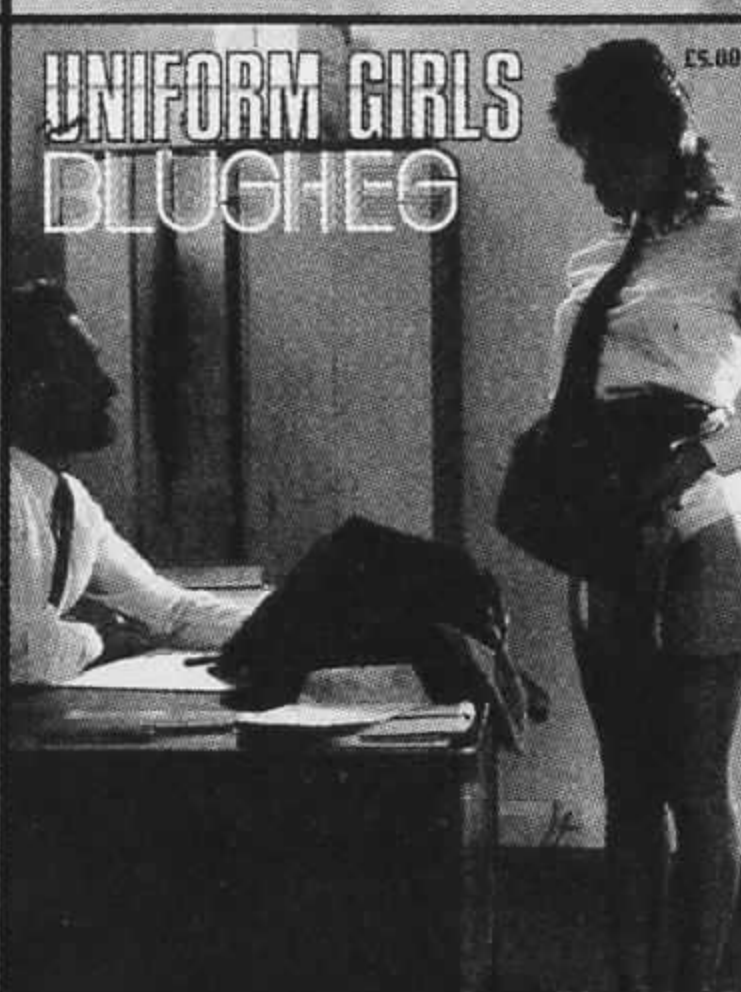
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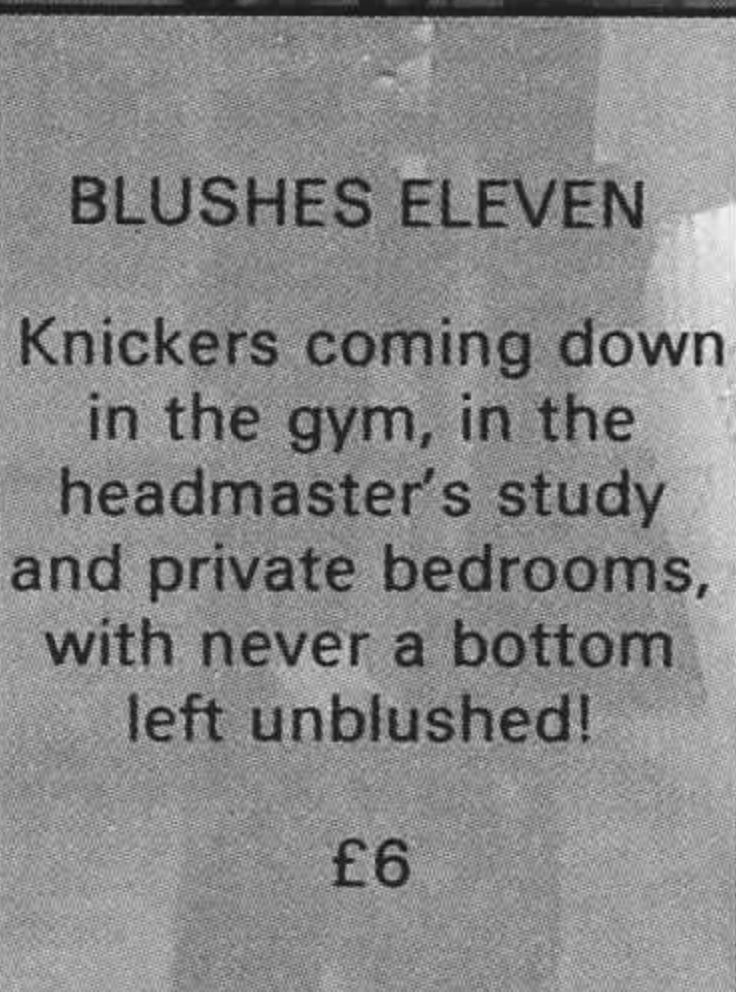
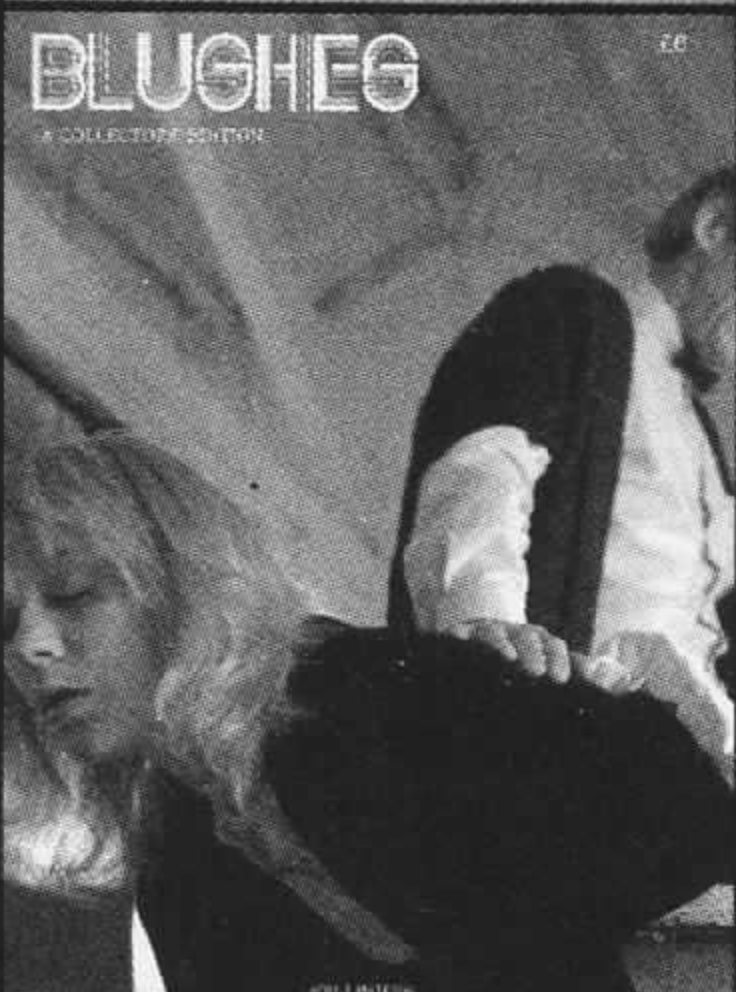


UNIFORM GIRLS BLUGHEG

UNIFORM GIRLS THREE

A maid in trouble, a WRAC in the spanking hands of a superior officer, no salvation for Suzie

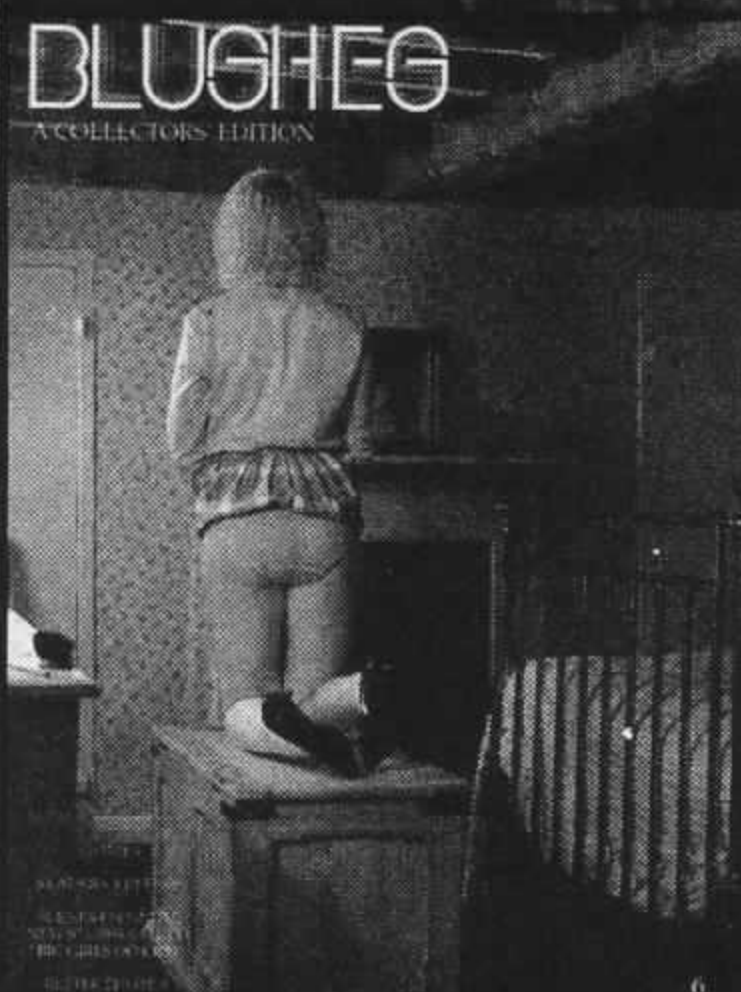
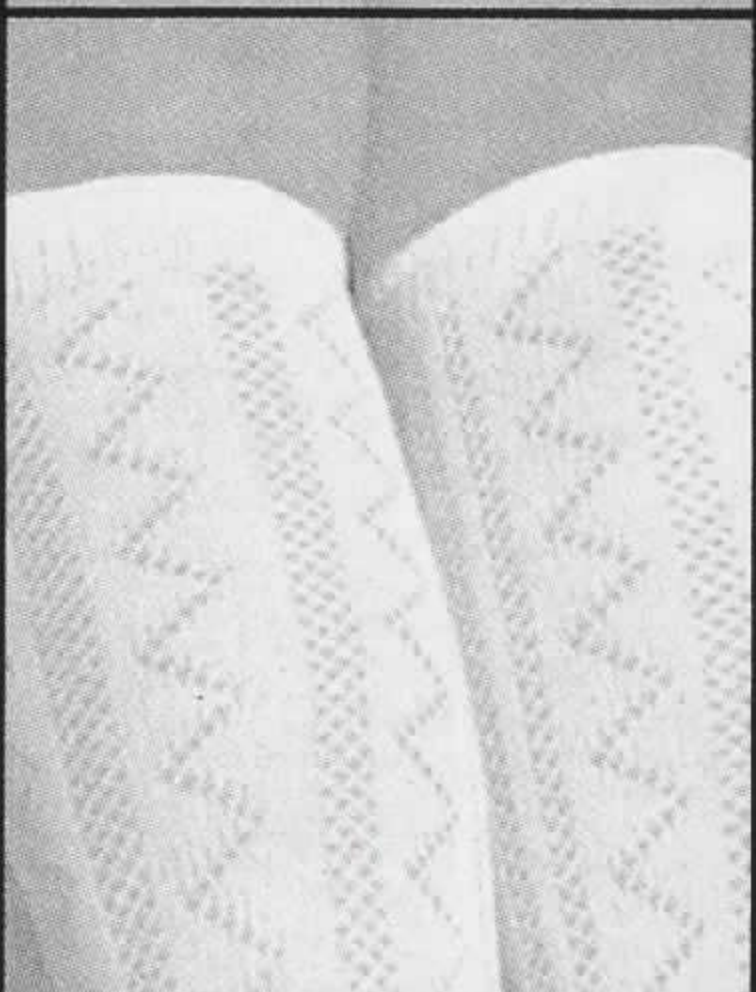
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BLUSHES ELEVEN

Knickers coming down in the gym, in the headmaster's study and private bedrooms, with never a bottom left unblushed!

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BLUGHEG A Collector's Edition

BLUSHES SIX

Valerie, one of the nicest of the "Blushes Girls" is fully exposed and comprehensively punished. Others too, in the usual atmospheric "Blushes" style!

£6

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**THE
WAITING
IS THE WORST—**



There was the accustomed high-pitched whistling sound as the cane blurred through the air. It bit deep into the soft, naked bottom awaiting it. For a fraction of a second, it seemed to bury itself deep. Then it arced away, leaving behind a miniature tramline of pink-red pain.

It was the first stroke of a promised twelve.

William Clifford, Senior Master at St. Osith's, contemplated the weal with mingled satisfaction and regret. Sonia Benson, who was bending over before him, fingers to toes, should have been his star pupil...a front-

William Clifford strolled away towards a tall, Georgian window which looked out on to a broad, undulating lawn. Dark green and close-clipped. A disciplined lawn, one might have called it...in keeping with the traditions of St. Osith's.

'Were your parents at Prize Giving this afternoon, Sonia?'

'No, Sir...'

'You may stand up for the moment, girl.' Sonia's fingers left her toes and, as she came erect, her black, pleated gym-slip skirt fell — thus regaining her some degree of modesty. 'Why not?'

challenge.

'A-aaahhh.....aaaggghhhh!' This time he caught her on the overhang, just at the join of the thighs and, obviously, it really hurt her. She twisted and shuddered then, within moments, courageously bent over again. The Senior Master could not deny his admiration...not only for the delightful spectacle presented to him but also for the spirit shown. This 17 year old was a **true** Benson.

William Clifford paused. He was never one to inflict punishment in a hurry, being aware that waiting-tension was a powerful and salutary ingredient. He noted appreciatively the convulsive clench of a pair of ample nates which had expected to receive another painful cut yet, for the moment, had not yet done so.

'It wearies me to see talent wasted,' he said, half to himself it seemed. Then he laid on the fourth stroke with the same venom as he had done the third.

It fell high on the buttocks, encircling and biting with a deeper hue into the right flank.

'Aaagghhh.....oooohhhh.....'

I am beginning to get through to this girl, said William Clifford to himself, yet I do not think she will break. Not completely anyway. She has a lot of guts and a hard core of Benson stubbornness.

'You may stand up again, Sonia.'

The girl came erect once more. Her cheeks were pale and she was biting her lower lip. Yet there was no hint of tears. She will be very aware, thought William Clifford, that there were more than twice the number of strokes still to come than that she has already received. Not a happy thought.

He came close to the tall figure, slim and athletic. They were almost on the same eye level. 'Are you prepared to make a greater effort, Sonia?' The young face shimmered. 'To accept school methods...to use your undoubted talents?'

'I...I have told you, Sir, I resent institutionalised education. I prefer to educate myself in my own time and in my own way.'

'A rebel, eh?' William smiled coldly.

'I wouldn't say that...Sir...' There was an insolent tang to the 'Sir'.

'If you promise me you will make a genuine effort in the coming term, I will let you off with two more strokes,' said the Senior Master evenly. A pair of pale brown eyes regarded him steadily. Defiantly, one might have said.

'I will do what I think is best for myself...Sir...' came the reply.

William Clifford felt a twinge of annoyance. Yet there was some feeling of compassion, too. Girls in the Benson mould were natural martyrs. 'Bend over again, Sonia,'

DEFINITELY



runner for University Honours. Instead she was graded in the lower half of the Fifth Remove. He noted that the girl had only jerked up momentarily, emitting a brief, breathless gasp, before returning to her straight-legged bending posture.

There was no doubt that the Benson family bred their girls both tough and obstinate. William Clifford recalled readily to mind Sonia's sister, Marjorie. She had left two years before. There was another sister, too, five years gone. Jessica. Ah yes...as stubborn as they come. Intelligent and self-possessed but self-willed almost beyond belief. About the most difficult pupil he'd ever had to handle. Now he was beginning to wonder. Sonia could well be her match.

The cane blurred down again. The Senior Master was not holding back.

A louder and more breathless gasp and Sonia Benson jerked up more abruptly. A second miniature tramline joined the first, about an inch lower down a well-rounded rump.

'They knew I wouldn't win any prizes, Sir.'

'How did they know that, Sonia?'

'I told them I wouldn't, Sir.'

It was sheer, blatant cheek! Uncaring. Talent deliberately wasted.

'Sonia,' said William Clifford, stepping back towards the tall girl, 'Don't you want to be a success? An academic success? I know you have the brains for it. Like your sisters did.'

'I want to be a success on my own terms,' stated the girl firmly.

'Frankly, I resent institutionalised education. What I **want** to do, I shall do, and do well.'

'That is pure arrogance, Sonia.'

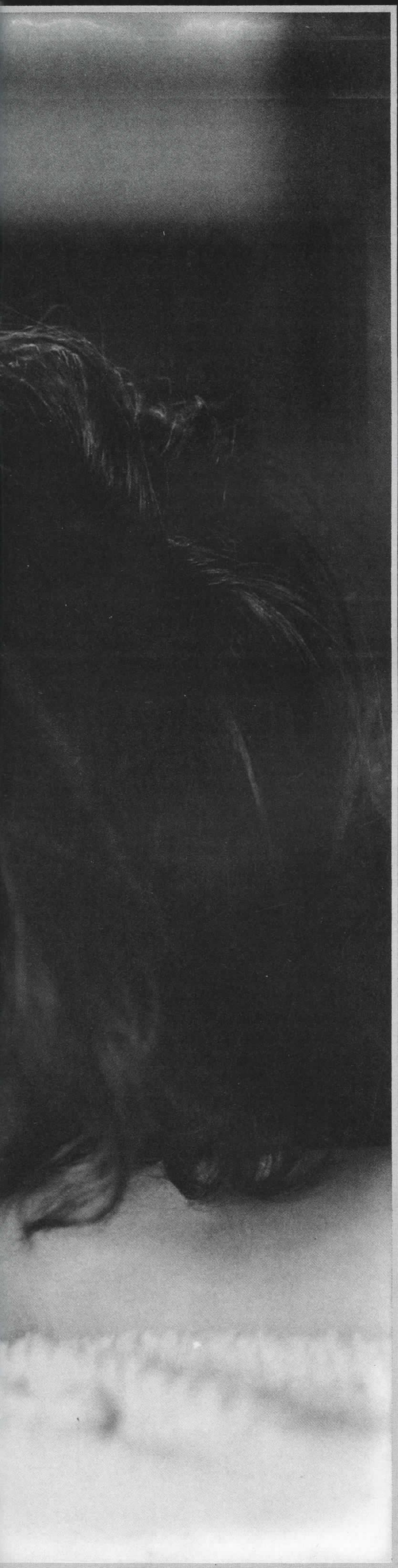
'Maybe.' A shrug of wide shoulders, a toss of a dark head.

'Bend over again, Sonia. You have to **learn**!'

The girl did not protest or delay, she touched her toes in one single movement, then brought her hands back so as to pull up her short skirt. Her naked bottom seemed to thrust almost challengingly.

William Clifford accepted that





out verbally or physically. Worthy but foolish.

William Clifford gave of his best a full-bloodied cut across the very centre of that splendidly presented bum.

'Oooww...ooowww...aaagggghhh! This time, Sonia not only jerked erect more quickly, her arms and hands flew back as if to protect herself. Ah yes, said William Clifford to himself, I **am** getting through to her.

'Bend over again, Sonia. At once!'

He half expected a plea... perhaps just for a pause...so that she could regain some composure. But it didn't come. There was no more than a groan as Sonia bent in a taut curve once more.

Beautiful!

Another one across the overhang, almost overlaying the first. It produced the first shriek of pain from the girl...stalwart and stubborn as she might be. 'Oh God...ohhh... God...' she moaned to herself as her hands pressed to the junction of her buttocks and thighs.

She is wondering if it's worth it, thought William Clifford, with a considerable degree of satisfaction. Just a couple of words and she could get herself let off six more strokes like that. The temptation must be strong. To be sure she would be considering it. Was he, for once, going to tame a Benson girl?

He strolled to the Georgian window again and surveyed the green sward. 'You may stand up, Sonia,' he said. The girl, in fact, was still half erect, hands still pressing to the cruellest of weals. Nevertheless, she was not complaining nor crying. Simply suffering stoically. Oh what a depth of pride was there! And oh how hard a taskmaster pride could be! 'Do you want to say anything to me, Sonia?' asked William quietly.

'N-no...Sir...'

'Are you sure? Nothing so simple as I'll try harder next term, Sir?'

The effort of will was visible; it seemed to draw the skin taut over that young face. 'No...Sir...'

The Senior Master turned from the window and came back flexing his cane. 'Six more like that is going to be very painful, Sonia,' he said rather unnecessarily. The girl would know that very, very well! He watched her lower lip beginning to quiver and could see her stubborn will weakening.

'Mr Clifford...S-Sir...' she said in a low voice.

'Yes?'

'Well, Sir...' A pause. Were not Again there was neither complaint nor delay. Seemingly, the girl had hyped herself up to receive the twelve designated strokes and she was determined not to chicken he ordered crisply.

those cheeks colouring? 'My...my sisters told me...' Another pause.

'Told you **what**?'

'That... sometimes... **instead**... you'd take them into another room...'

'Did they indeed!' William Clifford was equally indignant and delighted. So they'd let the cat out of the bag, had they? Well, it didn't matter a damn now. Nothing could ever be proved. But the implications of that simple statement were intriguingly suggestive. Most!

'That...that's what they said, Sir...' Sonia Benson was now blushing hotly and she lowered her eyes.

'So...' said the Senior Master slowly, 'you, young Miss, would rather go in the other room, as you put it, than receive another six of the cane. Is that it?'

A nod of that dark head. 'Yes, Sir.'

'You'd rather do that than make a positive commitment to working harder in this establishment in the future?'

'Yes, Sir. It...it's a matter of principle, Sir.'

It is a matter of being stubbornly, bloody-Benson-minded, said William Clifford to himself. Well, there it was. If that's the way she wanted to play it. The other two had been the same. 'You are being very foolish, Sonia. You are only harming yourself. And I don't mean harming yourself by getting a cane across your bottom. I am concerned with your long-term future.'

Silence. Head hanging a little. The room was very still. On the floor between them lay Sonia's dark-blue school knickers. 'Are you **sure**?'

'Y-yes, Sir...' The young voice shook a little.

'Very well then. You will go into the other room. Go now.' William Clifford pointed to the green door to his left. It led into what he liked to call his 'Inner Office' but was, in fact, a small comfortably furnished bedroom where he could take a nap whenever he wanted. Or where, from time to time, he could take one of his errant pupils. He watched the girl turn and walk towards the door. 'When you are inside, Sonia, remove the rest of your clothes. All of them. I shall join you shortly.'

The door opened and closed quietly. William Clifford sat down at his desk and drummed his fingers on it. He would give her five minutes. That ought to stretch her nerves nicely.

Sonia Benson stood on the far side of the room, half turned away from him, the weals on her bottom standing out very vividly. I certainly whaled into her, he thought. He locked the door. It was a symbolic gesture rather than a precaution.





'Turn and face me, hands at the back of your neck,' ordered William Clifford crisply.

Shyly the girl turned, lids lowered, cheeks pink. Hhhmmmm not at all a bad figure, but, as yet, a little under-developed. Nice firm, round breasts, though and that fair-downy triangle had been kept most neatly trimmed. She was more like Jessica than Marjorie, he reckoned.

He said nothing, simply waiting for the girl to raise her eyes.

When she finally did so, he saw the instant flash of apprehensive dread in them. He saw their direction, too. They were looking at the cane he had brought in with him. The soft mouth opened a little.

'B-but...sir...'

'Yes, Sonia?'

'But, Sir...my sisters said...in this room, if they took their clothes off...and...and, well you know...they didn't g-get caned...'

'Is that what they told you, Sonia?'

'Yes, Sir.' Doubt and puzzlement were in those eyes now. 'W-why... isn't it true?'

'Oh yes, that's true enough, Sonia,' said the Senior Master.

'Well, then...Sir...I mean I've got my clothes off...'

'There was a provision to that, Sonia,' he said. And you have got your clothes off because I enjoy looking at naked 17-year-olds, he thought. Apart from caning them!

'Oh? W-what was that?'

'It was, Sonia,' said William Clifford evenly, 'that they had to be 18 years old before they were permitted the alternative.'

The girl's face fell. 'But...but I'm nearly 18, Sir,' she protested. 'I'm 17 and threequarters.'

'But you are **not** yet 18, Sonia. Not yet an adult. And you have to be an adult to be offered the alternative. That's common sense.' He coughed gently. 'And...er...legitimate.'

The girl looked bewildered and dismayed. 'Can't you m-make...an exception?' she asked in a quavering voice.

William Clifford was sorely tempted, but he shook his head. 'I am afraid not, Sonia,' he replied. 'It's a matter of principle.' Just the phrase she had used a little earlier. 'And you are a girl who believes in principles, is that not so?'

Whereas Sonia had been thinking she had triumphed whilst sticking to her principles (even if it did involve some sacrifice) she now saw she had lost.

She was angry as much as anything - and it showed.

'So...what are you going to do...Sir...' Again that tang.

'I should have thought that was





obvious, Sonia. I am going to complete your caning. You are in another room and you are naked. That is the only difference. It will hurt just as much.'

'Oh God...' Sonia covered her breasts with one arm and placed a hand over her triangle. 'All for nothing,' she half moaned.

'If, when you are 18 and I have occasion to cane you,' went on William Clifford unctiously, 'you **may** be given the option of the alternative. But not until then.'

'It's unfair...'

'You can still make a promise... about your future conduct...'

'No...no. NOOO!' cried out the girl in fury. She had gone so far she was not going to give in now. The Benson obstinacy was going full blast. The Senior Master was glad to note it.

'Very well, Sonia. You will now kneel on the bed and put your head down into the pillow. And I advise you to take a firm grip of that brass head-rail.'

'It..it's so so unfair,' wailed the girl. All the same she got up on to the bed and knelt as she had been directed.

William Clifford surveyed the curving, naked form with pleasure. 'I want your bottom higher than that, Miss. Come on, get it right up.' It came up slowly, curving most invitingly. 'Now, Sonia' he continued, 'I am going to give you the six strokes due to you.' He tapped the jutting bottom and liked the way it flinched. 'After that, I am going to give you another six for trying to seduce me!'

'Oohh...no...oo!' Sonia's head came off the pillow and she swung round, breasts bouncing. 'You couldn't...oohhh...you **couldn't**!'

'We shall see about that, my girl,' said William Clifford grimly. 'The key of the door is in my pocket and I don't care if it takes all afternoon to give them to you. But, believe me, you're going to get them!'

With a despairing cry, Sonia buried her face back in the pillow. Now, she knew she had **really** lost. What was more, it was going to demand all, and more, of her mulish, Benson fortitude to take what was to come.

No...I haven't lost, she told herself, as the cane tapped again. I've stuck to my principles! That's what matters! It was brave...but it was foolish. Even as the first searing stroke blazed across her upthrust buttocks, Sonia felt her resolution begin to ebb...

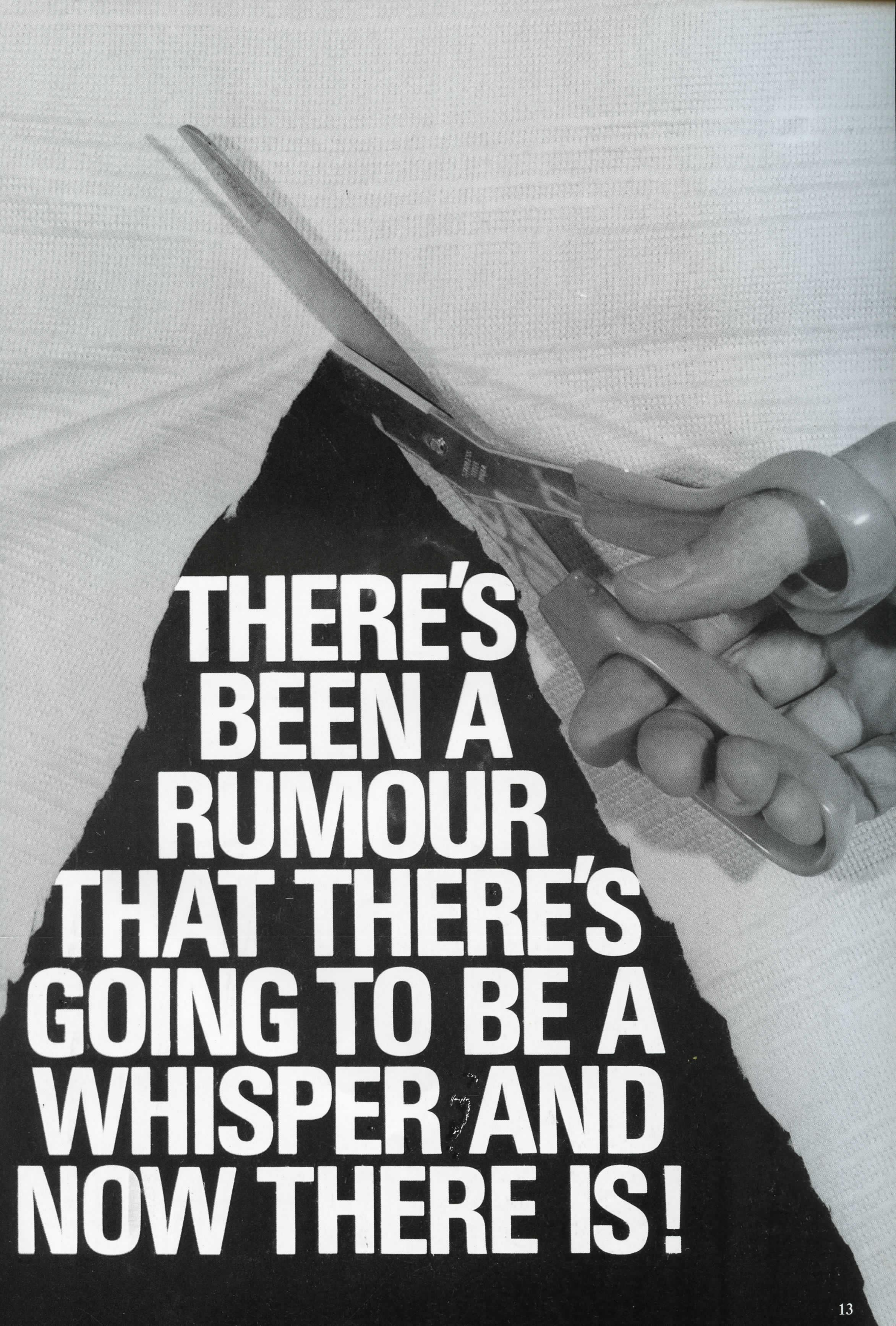
After five more like that, she was pleading and begging like all the rest. Yet there were six more still to come. There was no 'Alternative.'

**FROM
THE
FIRST
ISSUE
OF**

WHISPERS

From The House Of Blushes.





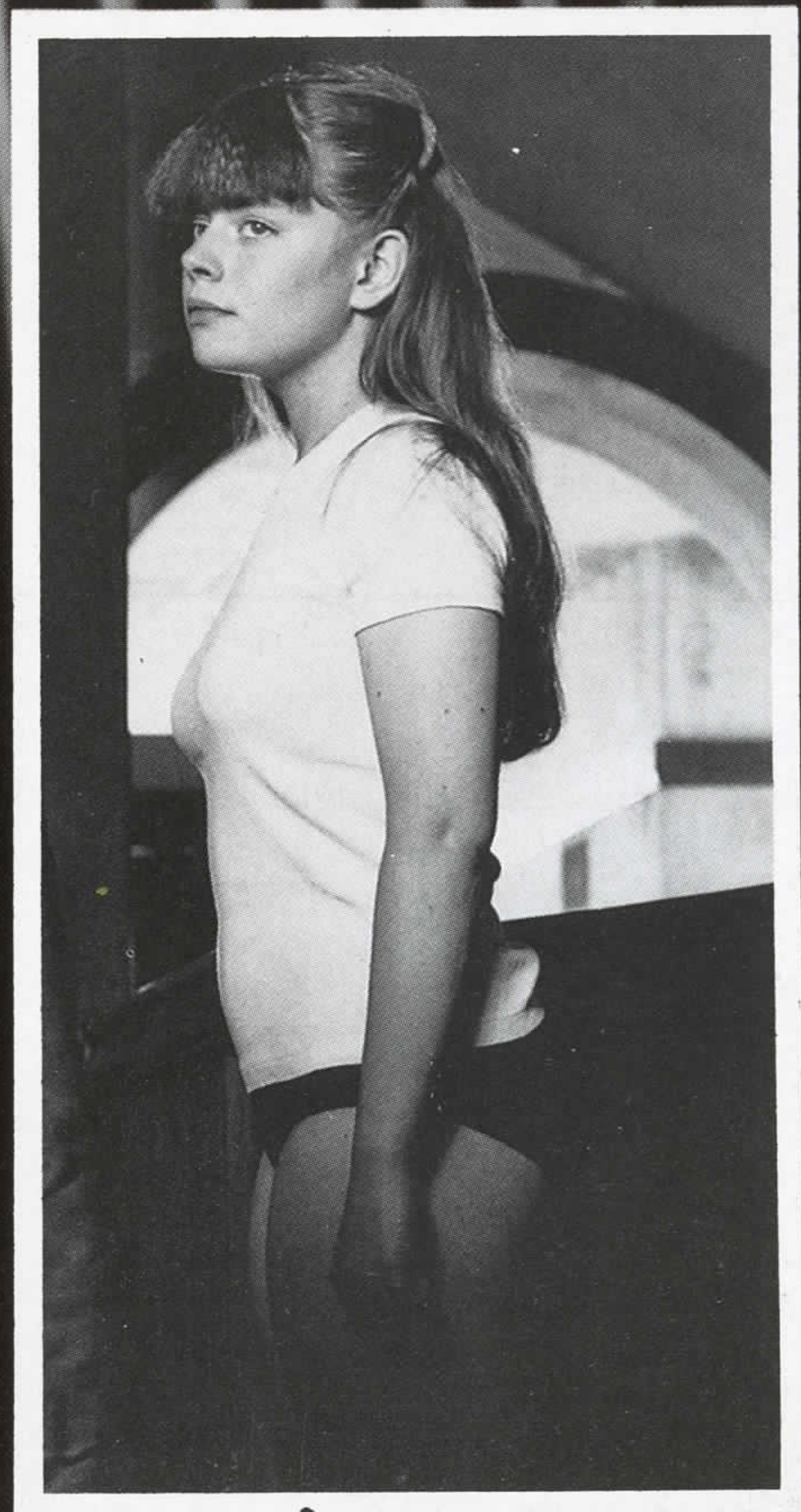
**THERE'S
BEEN A
RUMOUR
THAT THERE'S
GOING TO BE A
WHISPER AND
NOW THERE IS!**



SPECTATORS'



GALLERY





Harry Edwards toils up the main staircase with a pile of geography books in his arms, on his way to the staff room for afternoon break. The sound of a door opening at the far end of the upstairs gallery makes him look up; a blonde-haired girl turns about outside the headmaster's study and pulls the door shut behind her, then comes along the gallery looking bemused and pale-faced. She barely notices the geography teacher until the last minute, then she steps aside with a mumbled 'Sorry, sir' and goes downstairs. She isn't crying and she doesn't rub at her bottom the way girl's do when they've been to the Head for a caning, but she looks upset and nervous. Harry goes along to the staff room and plonks his books down on a table.



'Looks like one for the gallery tonight,' he says quietly to Mr Morse, Maths and R.E. Other ears prick up; note is taken.

'Who's that, then?' enquires Mr Wallace, too casually.

'Charlotte Price,' says Harry, nonchalantly pretending to be unaware that the aforesaid Charlotte Price is probably the one girl that almost every member of staff would like to get a peep at in her knickers — or out of them.

'Oh,' says Mr Wallace, and goes back to his newspaper.

When the end-of-break bell rings, the staff room empties slowly. Mr Wallace leaves his newspaper on the table, Mr Morse neglect to take a folder full of prep to be marked, and Harry 'forgets' a couple of his books.



By the end of school, there isn't a teacher who doesn't know that Charlotte Price is going to be on view on Spectators' Gallery tonight.

* * * * *

Shortly after supper, at about ten past seven, Charlotte is 'on parade' halfway along the gallery above the entrance hall, standing where all the headmaster's after-supper reporters have to wait, by the little kink in the balustrade which is directly above the middle of the hallway below. No-one entering the building can avoid noticing her above them, and anyone crossing the hall would have to be singularly self-absorbed not to catch sight of her.

Charlotte is wearing a gymnastics tee-shirt, her socks and shoes, and her knickers; and a maidenly blush. Nervously her eyes wonder to the end of the gallery as a door opens; Mr Morse ambles casually in her direction and affects surprise at seeing her there.

'Dear, dear. Been a naughty girl, have we? Hmm?'



'Yes, sir,' whispers Charlotte, keeping her hands together behind her back as she's supposed to despite Mr Morse's ill-disguised glances at the nipple-sized protruberences at the front of her tee-shirt and at the plump pout in her knickers where the tops of her thighs meet.

Mr Morse lingers, and Charlotte blushes more deeply, whilst the maths teacher speculates that she'll 'probably only get six, because she's hardly ever in trouble', is she. 'Mind you, that's on the bare, of course.'

'Yes, sir, I know,' mumbles Charlotte, her eyes on the floor.

'Which means he'll take **these** down,' adds Mr Morse, unnecessarily, taking the opportunity to pluck pointedly at the waistband of Charlotte's navy knickers.

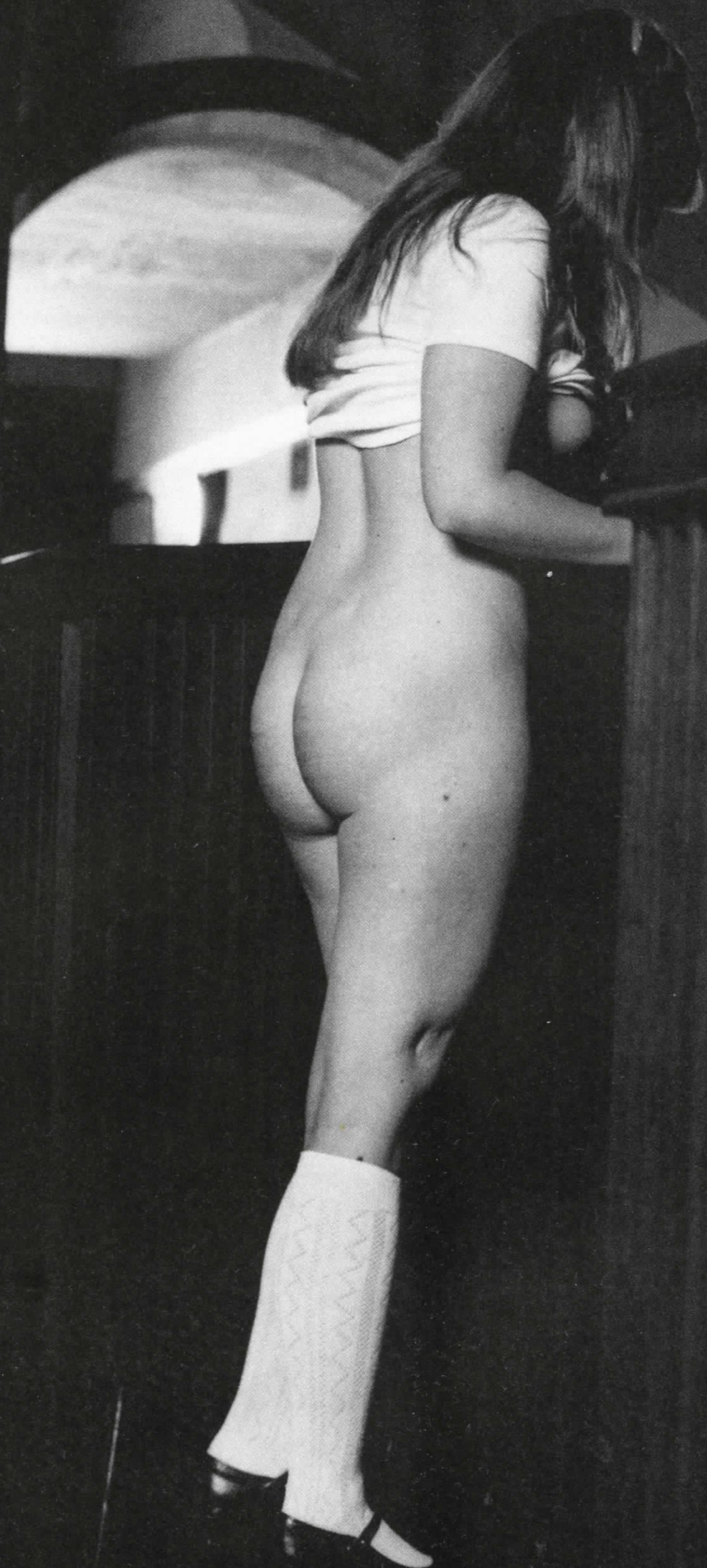
'Yes, sir,' says Charlotte, almost inaudibly, not daring to protest when the elastic is tugged again and two beady eyes peer down into the shadow between her tummy and her tight-stretched knickers. Footsteps sound suddenly in the hall below. Charlotte gasps a tiny 'ooo!' as her knickers are allowed to snap back into place against her bare belly. Mr Morse ambles off along the gallery with studied nonchalance; the footsteps mounted the stairs below.

* * * * *

By the time the headmaster puts in an appearance, at eight o'clock, there is hardly a male member of staff who hasn't found some excuse to be passing along the gallery while Charlotte is waiting for her caning. Humiliated by the ignominy of having to wait on public view, Charlotte is near to tears already as she is made to follow the headmaster to his study. The door shuts behind them.

Muted conversation, markedly one-sided, might be heard by anyone passing along the gallery, then there are several minutes of silence, before the muffled 'crack' of a cane against bare girl-flesh sounds behind the door, followed by an urgent, high-pitched squeal. This sequence is repeated twelve times, slowly, before the door re-opens and Charlotte appears, red-faced and stripey-bottomed, with her knickers clutched in her hand and the headmaster slapping her bottom cheerfully as he tells her to 'wait on the gallery, Charlotte, now that you've got something to think about. You'll get the rest of your caning before bedtime. Oh, and you needn't bother to put your knickers back on — we'd only have to take them off again, wouldn't we, eh?'

With tears rolling down her cheeks, Charlotte takes up her position along the gallery again and the headmaster goes lightly down the stairs and out of the double doors. Miserably Charlotte touches at her bottom, perhaps wondering how much room there can be left to accommodate another twelve strokes when he comes back, then she looks up at the sound of a door opening. Unhurriedly, indeed deliberately so, the footsteps approach along the gallery —



A SOCIAL CONSCIENCE



An official figure walked slowly up the cracked concrete path of No. 49 Victoria Avenue. He looked down at the neatly weeded beds on either side, noting that one or two of the red border bricks were missing. A policeman was trained to notice things. That must have happened since he was there a fortnight ago. He'd have been there last Friday, too, if he hadn't taken a little holiday down at Brighton, because he enjoyed his weekly chats with his old mate, Bob Fisher. And to see if anything needed attending to. Sergeant Fisher had taken early retirement due to injury received while investigating a Post Office break-in and couldn't move around too fast these days. Got a bullet through his kneecap, poor bastard. But those that had done it had, for once, got a good deal more. Ten years apiece.

Sergeant Graham arrived at the green painted door. That could do with a lick of paint, he thought. He'd ask Bob. He looked left and right, seeing identical pebble-dashed, 3-up-2-down houses going away seemingly indefinitely. The houses on this estate had been built just pre-war. They'd lasted well. Like me, he felt ten years younger. Not having a nagging wife or troublesome teenage daughters might be the reason.

Jim Graham positively had the air of your old-time copper. The one walking slowly but purposefully on his Beat... not one of your flash, bearded youngsters waltzing around in Panda cars. He pressed a black plastic bell with a tiny light behind it and heard the familiar ding-dong. Not Avon calling, he thought, but someone inside might be hoping it was!

The door opened almost immediately and a fresh-faced young woman in a flower-print dress stood there. Light brown eyes looked startled; fearful almost. 'Oh... h-hullo Sergeant... I was just going out...' The fresh skin coloured deeply under the gaze of a pair of slightly bulbous blue eyes.

'Good evening, Sylvia,' he said rather ponderously... and not smiling. The dress was obviously home made. It's high, decorous neck, held by a pink ribbon, could not hide the fulsome thrust of a couple of well-rounded breasts. Jim Graham knew a good deal about those breasts. How they looked, how they felt. 'Married life suiting you?'

'Y-Yes...yes...thank you...' The blushing cheeks coloured more deeply if anything. Oh my God, said the young woman to herself, how glad I am I don't live under this roof any more! Those bulbous eyes had such hideous memories for her; such shaming memories. For how many years, week after week, had she





dreaded the arrival of Friday night? It didn't bear thinking about. She wanted to run out that very moment, but the sturdy, paunchy figure barred her way solidly. She caught a mingled whiff of sweat and tobacco. That brought back those awful memories too. So familiar. But now, at last she had escaped it.

'Been paying your Dad a visit? He's all right, I hope...' The eyes roved down. Slim waist, swelling hips, trim legs.

'Yes... yes...' Sergeant...' She continued to call him Sergeant. A matter of habit. Once he had insisted on it. 'I must go now...please...I've got to get Kevin his tea...'

'A bit late, isn't it?' Jim Graham took an old fashioned oyster watch on a chain from his top left hand pocket. The hands showed three minutes past seven.

'He...he's been playing badminton. So he'll be wanting his tea...' The woman was fidgeting, anger as well as shaming memories colouring her cheeks further. Oh how she hated this stolid pig of a man! Such a respected, if minor, pillar of local society. My God!

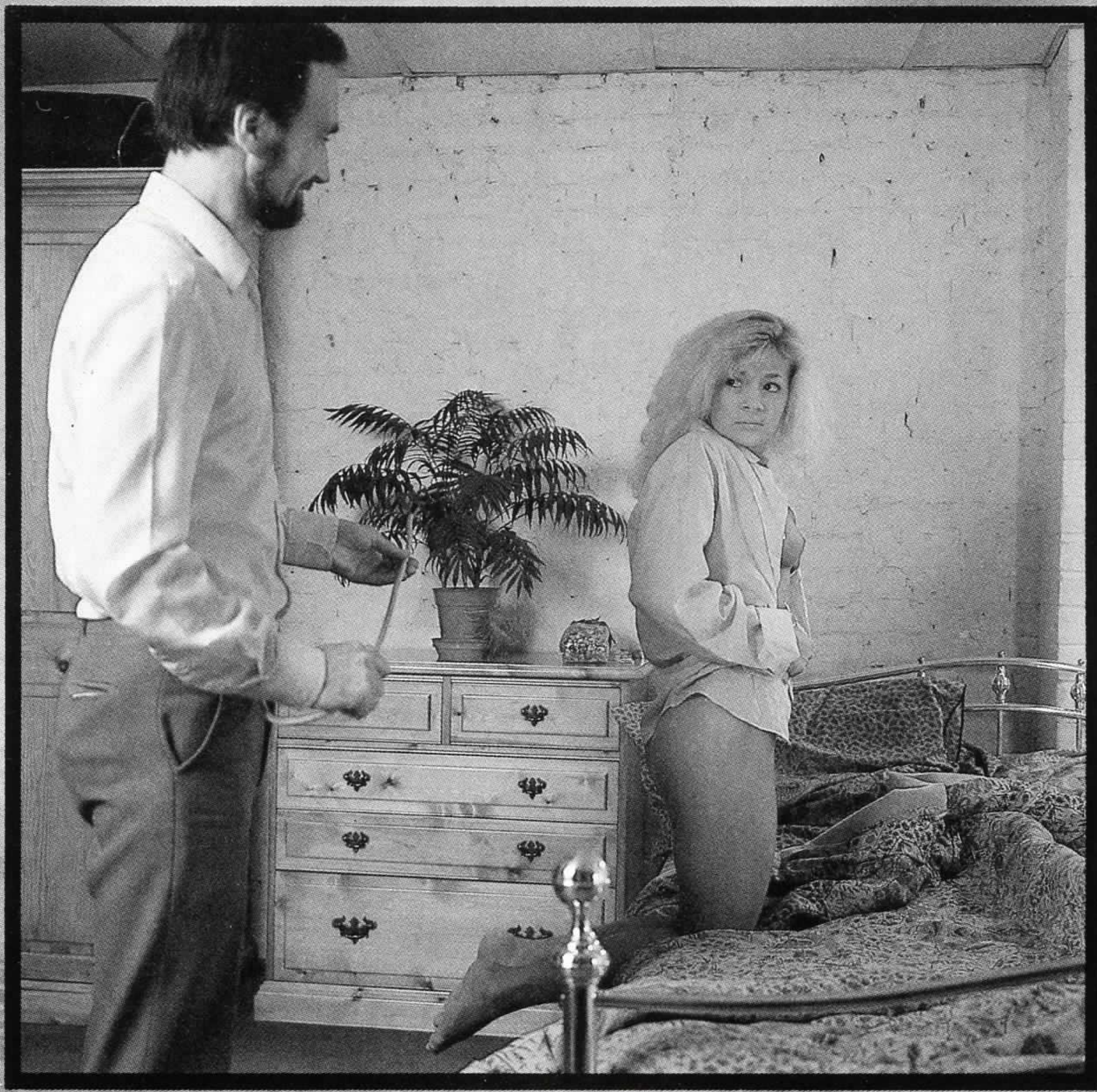
She watched the lecherous lowering of an eyelid, saw the twist of pale, fleshy lips. 'Ho...has he! Should have thought he'd be saving his energy for something else. If you see what I mean'. Sylvia did see... and hated the brute even more. 'Mary in?' The query was quiet but had an intensity about it. Sylvia said nothing, simply nodding. It was her younger sister who was going through it now. 'All right, scuttle along then, Mrs Davies.' Jim Graham moved to one side but still ensured that the young woman had to squeeze past him in order to escape. He enjoyed the brief softness of a young body against him; he enjoyed even more the lushness of a swelling bottom as he gave it a playful slap. Now it was his turn to have memories! He watched the figure run down the path, high heels kicking, hindquarters swinging. Must be twenty now, he thought. Lucky young Davies; he had a lot going for him.

Then Jim Graham went through the scruffy green door and closed it carefully behind him. He had been glad to hear that Mary was in. Not that that meant anything *definite*, of course. Still, if she had been out, there would have been no prospects at all.

* * * *

'Hullo there, Jim. Nice of you to call.' Bob Fisher, seated deep in an armchair with a stick alongside, spoke as if the Sergeant's visit was unexpected. It was one of their little







rituals. 'Care for a pipe?' A greasy looking grey plastic pouch was extended.

'Thanks, Bob.' The pipe was filled slowly and methodically. Policeman-like. 'Been keeping well?'

'Not so bad. Just the odd twinge, you know. Have a good holiday, eh?' Bob Fisher was drab and balding, with lack lustre brown eyes; he wore shirt-sleeves rolled up and brown trousers.

'Quiet,' replied Jim Graham. 'Clean room; nice landlady.' That seemed to cover it. Bob asked no further questions, Jim offered no further information. That was typical. There was low-level mental comfortableness between them. No need to think too much, no need to expand too much. Just go by the Book. A contented silence descended. The small front room,

with its mottled-red moquette chairs, began to become filled with smoke.

'Saw your Sylvia as I came in,' said Jim at last.

'Ah yes, she's a good girl.' A nod of the balding head.

'Been brought up to be,' pronounced Jim Graham sagely.

'True...true...' another nod. 'I reckon I've done a good job since Doris passed away. Thanks a lot to you, of course, Jim'

'That's all right. Glad to help. Just shows old-fashioned principles and methods still count a bit.' Puff, puff, puff, on the pipe. 'Expect she'll be in the family way soon.'

A nervous grin. 'When it happens, Jim, I'll make you a God-father.'

'Quite right too,' replied the Sergeant complacently. 'Had a lot to do with that girl's upbringing.' He

looked across directly at his old mate. 'No troubles with Mary, I suppose?'

'Fraid so...' Bob Fisher sucked on his pipe and got little response. He tapped out smouldering ashes into a scallop shell. 'While you was away, Jim, she got caught with a spare bottle of hair shampoo in her raincoat pocket. In the corner shop it how it got there.' A balding head shook. 'Could have been such a disgrace. Lucky I was able to have a word. They knew me, of course. Not going to prosecute.'

'Serious, though...' remarked Jim Graham, drawing deeply on a glowing bowl.

'Right you are. Never thought a girl of mine would be a thief.' The pipe was tapped again. 'I'd like you to deal with it, Jim. She's upstairs. Waiting...'



Jim Graham nodded pontifically, like judge and jury rolled into one.

'That's best,' he said. Rather than having your name in the papers, I mean. All that disgrace.'

'Of course. I'll leave it to you Jim. You know what's best for a girl of her age... when she's gone wrong.'

* * * *

Mary Fisher was waiting. She'd been waiting since she'd got home from school at five. Over two hours ago. She thought she was going to be sick when the doorbell rang. It was all going to happen again; but worse this Friday, she was sure. There was a time when it had all been to do with her exam marks. Now, this was different. Stealing. Yes, that was different. She still couldn't understand what had made her do it. Nice of Sylvia to come and support her. Comfort her. She'd been through it herself. For years. Now her big sister was married. I can't wait, Mary told herself. Even though I'm still only 16, I'll get married myself. Anything was better than a school... and this.

There was no knock on the bedroom door; it simply opened and the officer came in firmly closing the door behind him. Mary who had been lying down during her anxious waiting period sat up in bed.

'Good evening, Mary,' said Sergeant Graham. 'I was sorry to hear the news your Dad gave me.' He began to unbutton the silver buttons of his jacket. It's a terrible thing... an officer of the law having a thief in the family.'

'I...I'm not really a...a...thief. It was a mistake... really it was...'

'They all say that,' said Jim Graham with an emphasis derived from many long hours in the Juvenile Court. The jacket, fully unbuttoned, came off to show just a plain white shirt. He looked at the girl who had by then emerged from the bed, only to delight him with the sight of her in skimpy tight knickers and an old pink shirt.

This youngster was very much like her elder sister. The same colour eyes, the same straw-like hair and a body which burgeoned with great promise.

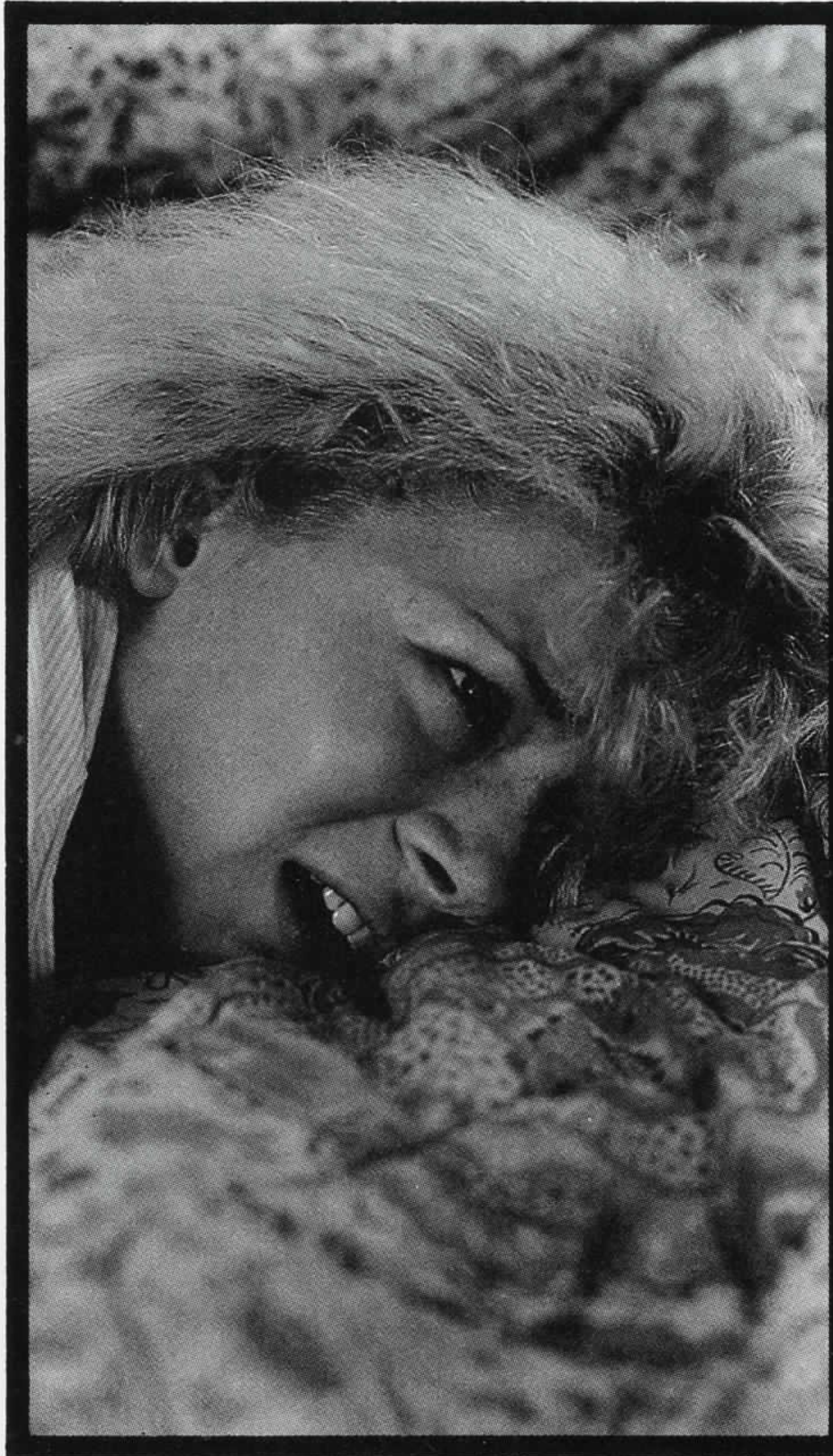
'Your Dad asked me to deal with it,' he said simply.

A wide mouth quivered, small white hands clenched. 'P-please... must you? It...it's so a-awful...'

'Rather go before the Court would you, girl? Disgrace your Dad's good name?' Jim Graham shook his head. 'Don't understand you youngsters today.'

That was how it had all begun, four or five years back now. Him and

Bob discussing how kids used to be dealt with down at the local nick by the Force. A good whacking for both boys and girls and nothing more said. No troubling the courts, no bloody interfering social workers. Simply, on-the-spot punishment. Kids understood that... and it had worked. Leastways, that was what Bob and Jim had agreed. And, since that sort of thing wasn't allowed at the Station any more, Bob had brought it back into the home. From 16 on, Sylvia had been taught, by old-fashioned methods, to behave herself. Every Friday night, the week had been reviewed, and if faults were found, they were dealt with. By Jim. Somehow that made it seem both official and lawful. It seemed, reflected Jim, to have worked in that case of Sylvia, and



now he had another teenager to bring up so that she was both respectable and law-abiding. With her Dad's encouragement and approval, of course.

'P-please...I'll never do it a-again...'

'That's another thing they all say,' responded Jim. He contemplated both the girl and the facts. Up till now — for bad marks at school and suchlike — he'd only spanked her. This offence (an actual criminal one) deserved sterner measures. He walked across to a small wardrobe and opened it. On the floor were a few pairs of flat-heeled, black shoes, some trainer-shoes, white plimsolls and a cane. He picked up the cane and closed the wardrobe.

'Oh no...no...oooo!'

'This is a serious matter, Mary,'

said the Sergeant sternly, 'and it has to be dealt with according.' He seated himself on the edge of a double bed. 'Take off your knickers, youngster... and get yourself ready for what you deserve'

'Please...oh please...can't you understand... it was only a silly mistake? I don't deserve it...I don't!'

'That's a matter of opinion, Mary. And I think you do. Knickers off, right away'. Jim Graham felt that pleasurable glow which petty power brings. Also, he felt lust — pure and simple — at the prospect of seeing that nubile young body exposed. 'Let's not have any nonsense, eh? I don't want to have to use force... like I had to once or twice with your sister, Sylvia. That only makes things worse.'

With a sob, the knickers came off; thin white cotton nowadays; Jim had preferred them when they had been made of blue serge. When Sylvia was 16, they had been; that was the last year. He patted his thighs, solidly splayed. 'Over you go...'

'Mmmff...mmmfff...mmmfff...'
The sobs were heaving, so were her budding young breasts. Just like Sylvia's at that age, Jim remembered. In due time, this girl would also have a couple of beauties. In a year or so, he'd be really enjoying them. Stumbling, she came to the edge of her bed then fell across him, uttering a pathetic moan.

Once again there was that light softness against him and two rounded mounds of young flesh raised up.

Jim Graham believed in taking things slowly and surely, step by step. Probably be a bit of a shock for her, he thought.

'In days gone by,' said the Sergeant a little thickly, 'I've given many a girl a good hiding for thieving. They didn't do it again. What's the sense of cautions and fines? Old fashioned ways is best.' 'Tonight, you're getting it on the bare.'

The Sergeant's bulbous eyes looked down, savouring the quivering, milky flesh. Only a 16-year-old could have such immaculately smooth white skin. Truly virginal. Truly delightful. As the slim thighs, parted as the girl kicked, the cleft repeatedly widened. Tufts of dark-straw down appeared. yes, she was so much like her sister at that age. It was to be hoped she would turn out just as well in the years ahead. Jim Graham took a firm grip of the cane.

'I don't want you thieving ever again, young Miss,' he said. 'Never you understand?'

'I...won't... I won't... I promise!'



That young bottom was twisting and turning frantically in dread. I promise!

'I'm going to make sure,' said Sergeant Jim Graham.

* * * * *

He could have brought the plimsoll down harder, but that wasn't necessary. He was obviously creating enough pain as it was. From the very first sweep of his arm, young Mary discovered a marked difference between the palm of a hand and a cane. It hurt far, far more!

'Yeeooooowww...aaaaagggggg..... stoooo....pppp....it!'

Jim Graham paused after half a dozen whacks. 'Hurts, doesn't it, eh, young Miss. Won't go thieving again in a hurry, will we?'

Whack...on one cheek. Whack...on the other. Whack...clean across both.

My god, how it made her bounce and squirm and kick! Yes, she was really feeling it. The Sergeant felt smug satisfaction flooding him. It was no more than this youngster deserved. It was justice. Rough



justice...like they used to be able to hand out down at the station.

On the other hand, it was nicer to be able to hand it out in a young girl's bedroom.

Whack...whack...whack! All across the centre. That milky flesh was now a bright raspberry colour. Juddering and jouncing madly.

'Stoo....ooopppp...!'

The Sergeant stopped. Not because he had been asked but because, on this occasion, he felt he had done enough. He must have given the girl some fifteen to twenty hard whacks. From a rubber-soled shoe that was quite something, even

if she *had* been guilty of theft. He didn't reckon there would be any trouble in that direction again. Unless, of course, the girl was habitually inclined that way. Kleptomania it was called these days, wasn't it? If that was the case, even sterner measures would have to be applied in the future. Ah well, an officer of the Law was never truly off duty.

The twin, raspberry blanc-manges before him were twitching and quivering almost incessantly; the small bedroom was filled with rasping sobs.

'You'll not go thieving again?'

enquired the Sergeant.

'N-no...mmmffff....n-never...'

'That's a good thing then,' said the Sergeant. Then he put his hand between the girls parted, quivering thighs and lifted her up off him. He felt the softness of young sex-lips as, squealing, she wriggled like an eel. It was something to be enjoyed for no more than seconds. But it was enough. For the moment, anyway. There were years ahead, weren't there?

Almost sombrely, Sergeant Jim Graham laid the whimpering girl down on her back on her own bed. 'A cold flannel might help, youngster,'

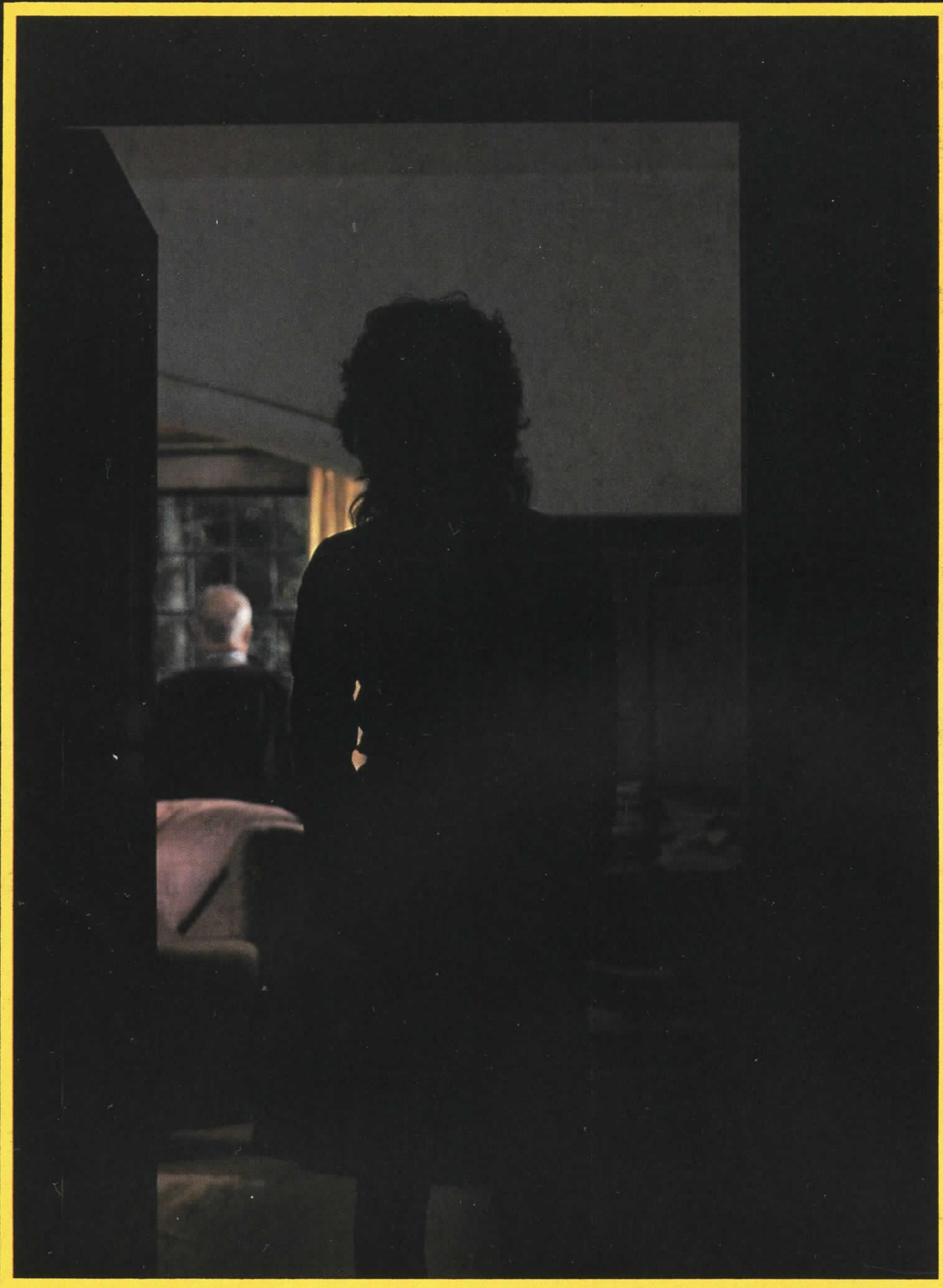
he said kindly. Like policemen on the Beat used to be. 'I'm going down to see your Dad. Tell him there won't be any more thieving by a member of this household.'

The sobbing-whimpering went on as the Sergeant closed the bedroom door behind him.

Rough Justice had been done. Wasn't that the best way? After all, it saved the Ratepayers a lot of money!

Mark you, Sergeant Jim Graham had to admit there were some fringe benefits to be obtained!





Pam — go up to your room at once!’ The blonde-haired girl, with pert and quite pretty features, looked sulky. Her gaze turned from her father to the sober-suited man alongside him. One had the impression that she might, at any moment, put out her tongue at either or both of them. But she did not. Instead she walked slowly across to an armchair and picked up a women’s magazine which lay there. The pertness on her face had taken on a cheeky look — something which it could all too readily do.

‘I said at once, Pam!’

‘Got to have something to read if I’m to stay up there.’ She continued to flip the pages of the magazine and a look of exasperation passed over her father’s face and he glanced at the man alongside him.

‘I am afraid, Mr Jackson, this tendency in your daughter has been reported to me before now.’

‘Has it? I’m not surprised. Pam, for the last time, go up to your room!’

Unhurriedly, the girl — who was still in her school uniform of pink blouse, tie and grey skirt — strolled towards the door. ‘I don’t know what this fuss is all about,’ she drawled. The door opened and shut with a bang.

‘Insolence!’ The sober-suited man looked angry. His name was Herbert Porter and he was Headmaster of

PARENTAL DISCIPLINE







Pam's Comprehensive.

'I'm sorry about her attitude, Mr Porter,' said Bill Jackson. 'I'm finding it more and more difficult to keep any control over Pam. And it's the same with Rita.'

'Ah yes, Rita. That's your elder daughter, of course.'

'That's right. Just eighteen, the other day. Now she's talking about leaving home even before she's left school. Madness!'

'Mmm...yes... we have similar difficulties with these girls at school...'

'It was better when my wife was here. She used to deal with these matters. But she left me last year. Can't understand it even now.'

'I'm sorry about that, Mr Jackson. I was told about it. Er...what do you mean by 'deal with', as a matter of interest?'

'She used to take a slipper to them. And a belt sometimes. She is a great believer in corporal punishment is my wife. It worked, too. The girls did what she told them all right.'

Mr Porter, solemn-faced, nodded, 'I, too am a believer in corporal punishment, Mr Jackson. However, in their infinite wisdom, the authorities have seen fit to ban it in schools.'

'More's the pity...'

'So you believe in it, too.'

'Oh yes...' Bill Jackson looked rather surprised by the

question.

'Well then, my dear Sir, may I ask...er...why you don't employ it?'

Again Bill Jackson looked surprised. 'Didn't seem quite right somehow,' he replied. 'Not now they're grown up. Pam's 17, you know.'

'I don't really see what that's got to do with it. I am sure your wife would have carried on as before. Er...may I sit down.'

'Sorry, Mr Porter, please do. Yes...I am sure she would.' He also sat down and looked expectantly at the Headmaster.

'As a matter of fact, Mr Jackson, I came to you personally in this matter, because I think it is something which merits corporal punishment. But, as you know, as far as that is concerned at school, my hands are tied.'

'I see...' Pam's father looked exceedingly thoughtful. 'You say she actually attacked this other girl... and won't give any reason?'

'That is correct. She pulled out some of her hair, scratched her, and even bit her. Such violence certainly merits a good hiding and, in former times, she would certainly have got one.'

'Quite right. It was a disgraceful thing to do.' Bill Jackson looked thoughtful again. 'So you think I should do what her mother used to do?'

'Precisely,' answered the Headmaster. 'If it bothers





you at all, I could do it for you. As her Headmaster, it is in a way, my duty.'

Bill Jackson looked immensely relieved. 'Would you, Mr Porter? Oh that's fine. I'm sure it will do her a power of good.'

* * * * *

Pam Jackson was lying face down on her bed, feet in the air reading her magazine. She had taken off her school uniform (which she hated) and wore only a plain white bra and tight, white briefs. She was humming to herself:

'Oh Mr Porter, what yer goin' to do?

'You think I'm such a naughty girl...'

That happy little tune was abruptly halted by the sudden opening of her bedroom door and the said Mr Porter entered, closely followed by her father. And in her father's hand was a very familiar cane. Pam had thankfully thought she'd seen the last of that with the departure of her mother.

With a wild shriek, Pam tried to wrap some of the eiderdown around her and failed. 'Crikey... what do you think you're doing? You can't come in here!' Her words were mainly directed at her Headmaster who was

favoured with a close view of a pair of choicely rounded breasts wobbling about under a thin bra.

'I am here on your father's invitation,' said Herbert Porter, trying not to be too disturbed by the revealing spectacle before him. My goodness, young girls did grow up fast these days!

'Dad...Dad...say it isn't true!'

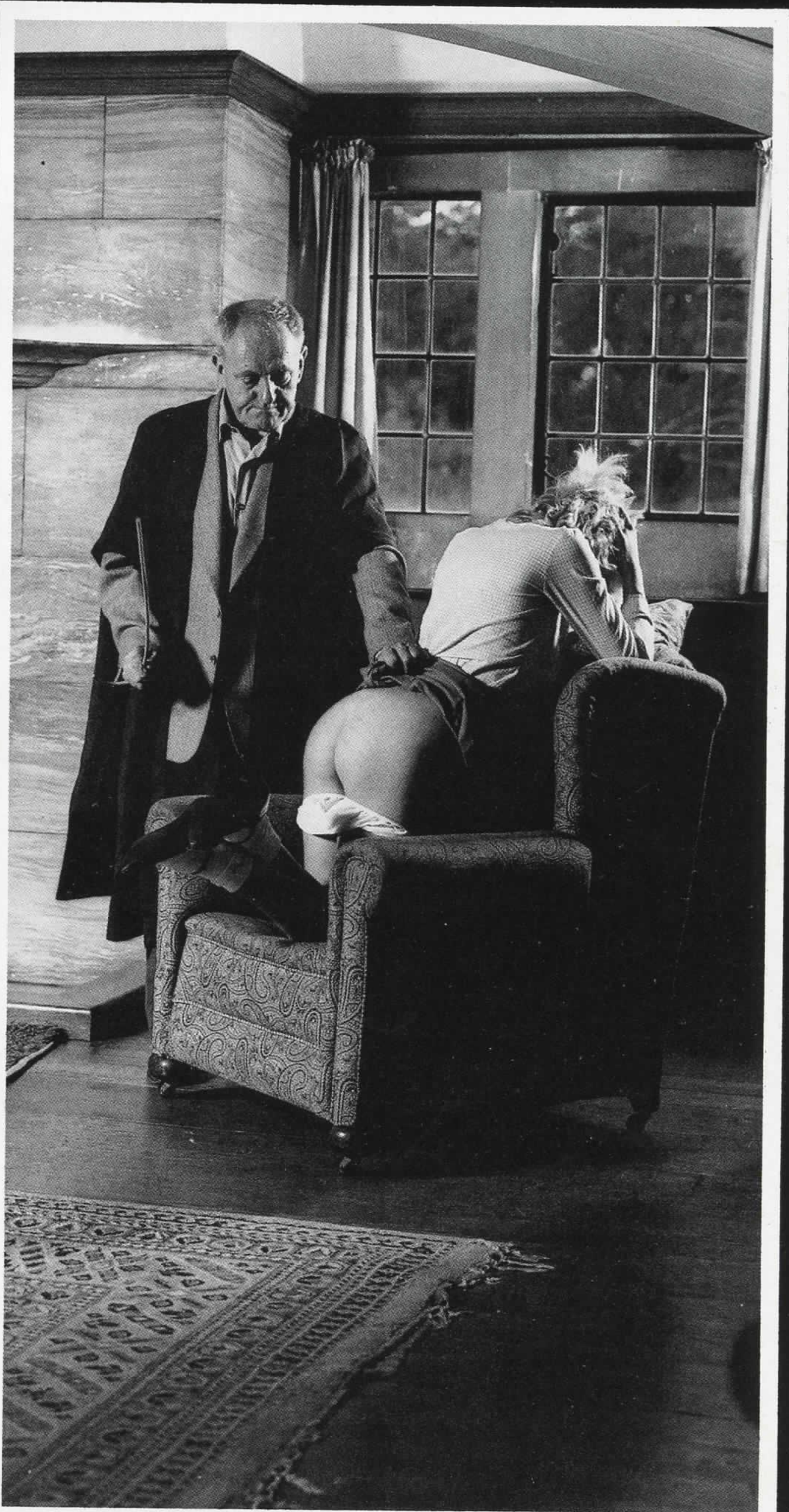
'It's true enough, Pam...and after what you did, you're going to get what you deserve.' He handed the cane to the Headmaster.

The full realisation of what was intended burst in upon Pam Jackson. 'You can't!' she cried half hysterically. 'It... it's not right!'

'It's very right,' replied Herbert Porter, 'after what you did to one of my pupils. Sheer barbarism. You're lucky I persuaded the girl's mother not to bring a criminal charge against you. I thought, though, that this would do you far more good.' He tapped the cane on his palm.

Green eyes wide and round with shock, mouth a little open, Pam slid off the edge of the bed. Through thin briefs, the Head could now observe the dark outline of a pubic V. Again he forced his mind to keep on the job in hand.

'Get out...I'm not having you do this!' the girl spat the



words venomously. She had begun to tremble, torn between fury and fear. 'Get out...get out...you...you horrible old man!'

'The horrible old man', who was all of forty five, looked quite unperturbed. 'I think I'm going to need your assistance, Mr Jackson.'

'Oh yes?' Pam's father was looking rather useless, appearing not knowing what to do with his hands.

'That chair,' said the Head, nodding to an armchair in own corner of the small bedroom. 'Pull it out, will you? Then we'll have her over the back, I think.'

'You won't...you won't...Dad...don't let him!'

'Don't forget what the girl did, Mr Jackson,' said the Head, thinking he saw a certain lack of resolution creeping into the father.

'No...you're right, of course, Mr Porter.' He thought of all the cheek he'd had to put up with Pam recently and was galvanised into action. Not only did he haul the chair away from the wall, he then advanced upon his daughter and much to her surprise and dismay, gripped her wrists and pulled her over the back of it. 'Your mother would have thoroughly approved,' he shouted above the din the girl was making.

Not only was she yelling blue murder but she was twisting frantically over the chair and kicking out. A neatly rounded young bottom, most scantily clad was, all the same, nicely presented for Herbert Porter's attentions. He had a sudden impulse to rip down those little panties but, out of deference to her father's feelings, he did not. In any event, they concealed virtually nothing at all and would certainly offer not the slightest protection.

'Stop it...stoooo...ooopp...oh Dad...stop him!'

'I have no intention of stopping your Headmaster,' replied Bill Jackson. 'This has my full approval.' He tightened his grip on a couple of slip wrists and nodded to Herbert Porter.

Wwhhaacckkk!

The first impact of that cane stopped Pam's pleas and protests instantly. They changed to a breathless gasping-yelp of pain. All the awful memories of her mother's wallopings came back. But this was worse...worse! Not only was it laid on harder, it was being laid on by a man... that pompous Mr Porter!

Wwhhaacckkkk! Christ how it blazed! Burning deep... deep. 'Stooopp it...ooh...I'll k-kill you for this...'

Herbert Porter surveyed the bouncing-twisting young bottom with satisfaction. Already, after only two good whacks from the cane, each cheek was half-submerged in a glowing pink-red. Oh, if only I could do this to some of those cheeky little bitches at school, he said to himself. He'd soon have the place running like clockwork and clean as a new pin. Not the bloody shambles it was at that moment.

He laid on the cane twice in quick succession, just about in the same place. The girl writhed convulsively... mouth gaping, tears jetting from her screwed up eyes... as she experienced real pain. When she caught her breath, she screamed piercingly. Lucky, thought the Head, that Mr Jackson had had the foresight to double-glaze his house. Mind you, that had been basically done to keep aircraft noise out and not girlish screams in!

Herbert Porter laid on two more hard whacks. Now the twisting-juddering bottom was red all over. 'Steady on, Mr Porter...' came a father's voice, one naturally a little anxious for his girl.

'Mr Jackson,' said the Head, standing erect, 'a girl's bottom can absorb far more punishment than most people imagine... and yet suffer no permanent harm. In a way, the area has been perfectly designed by nature for this kind of treatment.'

'Well...er...yes...'

'Ohhh stop him, Dad...stop...him...'

'Remember what she did, Mr Jackson. Remember, too, her appalling general attitude and bad behaviour.'

'Yes...yes...all right then...'

'Dad!'

Swinging easily and loosely, rather like a tennis-player during a knock-up, Herbert Porter laid the cane a half dozen more times across that already blazing young bottom. This, he thought, is a day she'll recall for a long, long time. A day that will only have to be mentioned to make her behave herself.

And that, of course, was what corporal punishment was all about.

* * * * *

In the peace and quite of the front room, Herbert Porter was offered a bottle of beer or a glass of sherry. He accepted the latter, seated himself and sipped. 'Your health, Mr Jackson,' he said, favouring his host with a rare smile.

'Yours,' responded Bill Jackson. He didn't quite know whether to be pleased or sorry about what had just happened. Poor Pam's bottom hadn't half looked a rosy-red. Still, if it made her behave herself better...

Up in the bathroom above, a red-eyed, wet-cheeked Pam was repeatedly pressing a cold flannel to flesh that went on burning and burning. It was far worse than anything Mum had ever done. And he had done it! Oh how she hated him! At the same time, she felt an inner apprehension. What was it the pompous man had said just as he was leaving her room?

'If you have any more trouble from this girl, Mr Jackson, you know you only have to send for me.'

And what had her father said? That was the cause of her apprehension.

'Right you are Mr Porter. I think we might be getting on top of this situation.'

Oh Dad, oh Dad, how could you? Still, Mum wouldn't have been any better. Worse, in fact.

Pam re-wetted the flannel and kept on pressing. It didn't seem to help very much.

Back down below in the front room, Herbert Porter leaned forward in his armchair. 'And now, Mr Porter, I am afraid we must come to the subject of your elder daughter, Rita. She is just eighteen, you told me?'

'Yes, that's so. Quite a good girl, though. Not so much trouble as our Pam.'

'You may think so, Mr Jackson.' The Headmaster sipped.

'What do you mean by that then? I know she's a bit cheeky and strong-headed, like most youngsters these days. Bright though. She's got two 'A's' and is going on to a Further Education College.'

'Oh yes... bright enough, nodded Herbert Porter condescendingly. 'However, there is a darker side to her character.'

'Oh yes,? What's that then?'

'I hesitate to tell you this, Mr Jackson, but I must. It is my duty.'

'Well, yes then... if it is... I suppose you must.' Bill Jackson looked no end flustered.

The Headmaster coughed. 'Forgive me,' he said. 'I have to tell you, Mr Jackson, that your daughter Rita has been observed — on no less than three occasions — in having illicit sexual intercoruse with boys at the school. These incidents took place in a changing room during school hours. That really is quite intolerable.'

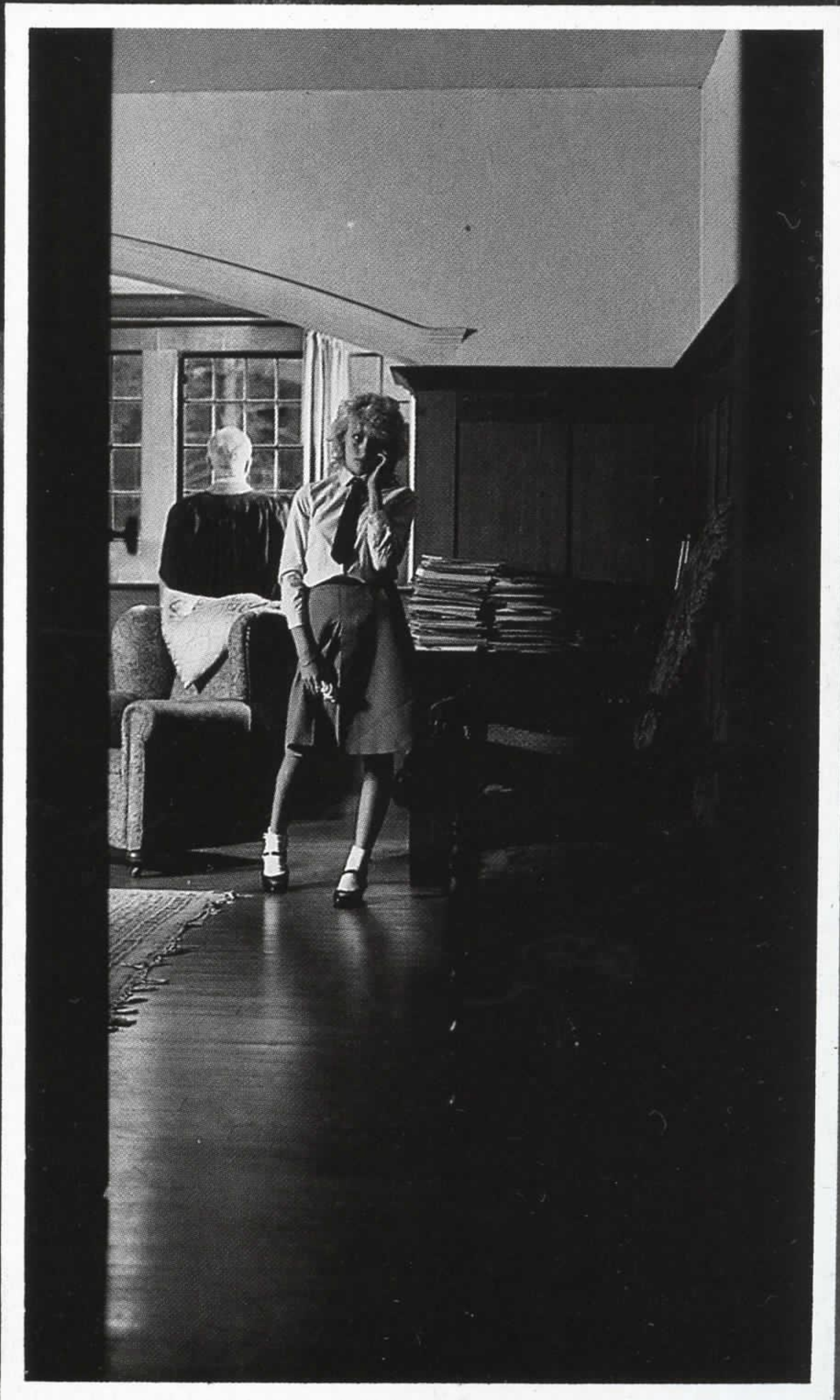
Bill Jackson looked utterly crest fallen. 'Three times?' he asked weakly. He wondered vaguely why they hadn't acted after the first time but did not pursue it.

'Three times to our knowledge,' said the Head, finishing off his sherry.

'So, I think you will agree, Mr Jackson, that this is a case which even more merits corporal punishment.'

'Oh yes... even more...' agreed a pale and puzzled looking single-parent father.

'So you can expect me to call here again next Friday. with your Rita...'



UPSTAIRS



UPSTAIRS

The bottom, now that it was bare, could be seen to carry a small blemish at the top of the right buttock cheek. Tony Harris didn't mind that. He wasn't a perfectionist. There was also a mole halfway down the left thigh. Apart from that, it was a good, solid sort of bottom. Up-curving, plenty of meat, a deep cleft.

Tony slapped it hard...dead centre. There was the tiniest gasp that leaked out. Tony slapped that bottom again, in exactly the same place.

'Owwww!'

'Why are you being spanked, Deidre?'

'Because I've been a naughty girl...sir...'

'More than naughty, Deidre. Criminal, I think, is the word for it. Taking money out of my trouser-pocket. Fifty quid at least.'

'I...I'm sorry, sir...it won't happen again...'

Tony Harris studied the bottom thoroughly, seeing it suddenly shiver apprehensively. That was nice. Pity about that blemish. And wasn't it goose-pimpling a little? He slapped the lower half of the right cheek quite hard.

'Ooowww...ohh...'

'You know you deserve to be spanked?'

'Yes, sir...I know. I'm so sorry...'

'Better than getting six months though, isn't it? Not the first time you've been caught thieving.'

'You wouldn't give me in, Sir? Ohh...you wouldn't!'

'Not if you're prepared to accept my punishment.'

'That's alright, Sir...yes, it's alright...'


Tony Harris slapped the left buttock cheek low down. Pretty Hard. The curving-soft flesh juddered, a pink blotch sprang up. 'Cor...oorrrr...not so...hard...'

'For what you've done, I can give it to you as hard as I like,' he said, leaning forward.

'Suppose so...but, be a gent, won't you?'

Tony Harris smiled faintly, then he ran his hand over the two fulsome buttock cheeks. They were warm and resilient, most squeezable. Tony Harris squeezed...then squeezed again. There's nothing like a voluptuous woman's bottom for enjoyment, he said to himself. He stopped squeezing and began to massage instead. The owner of the bottom sighed, but he could still feel the tension within her. 'Relax your muscles,' he said.





The two cheeks became softer and fell somewhat apart. His fingers delved momentarily. 'Cor...orrr....' she murmured.

Tony gave that bottom two more hearty slaps. One on each slack cheek. Each cheek joggled violently and, at once, tautened up again. The goose-pimpling flesh was getting nicely pink all over. How many was that? Probably about half a dozen. She had earned herself more than that. Quite a few more.

'Open your legs a little.'

'Must I?'

'Yes...what I say goes. You know you're in trouble.' Tony watched the thighs part; he examined the widened cleft closely before giving each buttock cheek a swift slap. Then two more quickly afterwards.

'Oww...aahhh...ooowww...ahhh...www...oh...you swine...'

'Careful. Watch your words...or you'll be in trouble.' She had half turned after those four stinging smacks, now she was back, kneeling down, tenser than ever. 'When you've been caught, you have to pay the penalty.'





'Shut up...you bastard...'
Ssllaapppp! Sssllaaapppppp!
Again, one across each cheek. 'I told you to watch your words...so do so..' How many was that now? Must be a dozen. He mustn't overdo it. 'You're a wicked girl, you know that.'

'If you say so.'

'I do. Now...you can kneel...and get your bottom up high. High and round. You're getting another six.' He watched that sumptuous bottom rise, saw its skin tighten up. Mmm, yes it would hurt more.

'Bastard!'

'Don't call me that...' Tony Harris slapped each cheek in turn so hard his palm blazed.

'Yeeooww...owww...oh Gord... that's too much...too much...'

Tony Harris swallowed hard. Yes, he had rather given it to her.

Better go easier. 'Nothing's too much for the likes of you.' he said coarsely. He slapped again...left and right...more or less on the tops of the thighs. But not quite so hard. She gasped, but no more. Two more to go. Well, why shouldn't he let her have it good and proper? He stood open, caressing his throbbing palm. My, that bottom looked really glowing. Tony poised.

SSLLAAAPPPP... SSSMMM
AAACCKKKK!

Right over the very centre! Flat out. Marvellous...marvellous! No wonder she yelled, no wonder she twisted like crazy on the stool. Still, she'd earned it...yes, she'd earned it.

Now she'd gone flat down and was shuddering. 'Put some cold cream on me, you horrible bastard,' she said

'OK., if that's what you want.' Tony was quite happy to oblige. He unscrewed the small jar and began to smooth on the white ointment.

'Ooor...aaah...cor... ooo that's better...' she sighed. 'You overdone it a bit, you know.'

'Sorry. Got carried away.' Tony's hand, cream-laden, slipped into the lush cleft. Briefly, he laved and titilated.

'Oi...oi...enough of that. If you want anything else, it's another fifty knicker...'

Tony Harris, who had been hard put to it to raise fifty pounds for the spanking, withdrew his hand. Three pounds a slap, or thereabouts, that was her fee. Probably worth it. At least, one felt so before hand.

'Some other time,' he said.

'Just as you like.'

The spanker departed. Smarting slightly.



THE NEW GIRL

The bare bottom was quivering softly and incessantly with apprehension. It was the bottom of a 17-year-old. To be more precise, it was the bottom of Miss Marsden. Of that, Colin was quite sure. It was, he thought like two round blancmanges being shaken on a dish... and it was also the colour of vanilla. How nice if he could change the flavour to strawberry, all over both cheeks. Well, why not? Yet, he had the sudden, rather frightening idea that, if he slapped his hand down hard, that bottom would simply flatten and spread out, just as two blancmanges really would.

However, the temptation to change vanilla into strawberry became too great. He slapped. There was a sudden, fierce tingling...

Then Colin woke, his right hand half-numbed with pins and needles. The vision of Miss Marsden's quivering bottom vanished, to be replaced by the monotonous flower patterned wallpaper of his bedroom.


He lay and thought about that delicious bottom. Of course, in reality, it would not collapse and spread like blancmange. That was just a dream absurdity. It would be springily resilient and his hand would bounce off it. Again and again and again. Yes, that would be the reality.

Colin sighed with frustration. If only a dream could

become reality.

* * * *

That morning, she was wearing a grey skirt which seemed even tighter than normal. Colin recalled his dream again and tried not to gaze too pointedly as Miss Marsden passed his desk yet again. To say the least, he had found it difficult to concentrate on his work since the girl had arrived in that office a fortnight before. Miss Marsden was only a filing clerk but he reckoned with shape like hers she would surely catch the Manager's eye and promotion would follow. Harper, the manager, balding his way into the early forties, had a wife a good ten years younger than himself but that didn't stop him leching after anything in a skirt. Being a Manager had considerable advantages, thought Colin a shade bitterly. An office of one's own for a start, where you could have a girl in and chat her up for as long as you liked. Which reminded him once again that Mandy had begun to spend more and more time behind that shiny brown door. He'd love to know what was going on. Was he getting anywhere? She was quite a cheeky looking little minx, so it was more than likely. Colin felt a stab of envy. Ridiculous really. Nothing at all might be



By the time the new girl arrives
Colin had continued to suggest a
fresh ploy to Mr Harper. What if he,
Colin, were to persuade the girl to
stay behind after work to photocopy
some documents, saying that she
was to say nothing to anyone and
generally giving the girl the
impression that what she was doing
was of a strictly confidential nature,
and what if he, Mr Harper, were to
come upon her 'accidentally,' aghast
to 'catch the girl in the act' of
'stealing company secrets ___?



going on.

That lunchtime Colin happened to return midway through his break to pick up a book overdue at the Library, and what should he see? Mandy coming out of Harper's office in tears! What on earth was she doing in there at that time anyway? She had the same hour's break as everyone else. Strange indeed.

'Anything the matter, Miss Marsden? Anything I can do?' he asked solicitously.

'No!' came the snappish answer. 'There's nothing you can do. You keep out of this... whatever your name is.'

Colin felt suitably rebuffed. Pique coloured his cheeks as he picked up his book and hurried out again. The little bitch certainly did need her bottom smacked, not only in dreams but in real-life too. Fancy being so rude when he had only been trying to be kind!

All the same, despite his annoyance, Colin couldn't

stop himself following the progress of that tight-clad, seductively swinging backside as the girl moved about the office from one filing cabinet to another. Why had she been crying, he kept asking himself? Why? The answer was pretty obvious. Harper must have made some kind of suggestion to her and the girl had naturally been upset. After all, she was only 17 and Harper must seem almost like an old man to her. Still the envy persisted. Rejected or not, Harper was lucky to be able to make a pass at such a girl!

That afternoon, although the office closed at five p.m., Mandy had not come out of Harper's office by five thirty. She had, Colin had noted, gone in at four forty five. What was going on? It really was very fishy.

Colin hung around for as long as he dared (lower grade staff were supposed to be off the premises by five fifteen) and then left in something of a huff. He decided then and

there, quite irrationally, that he ought to do a little detective work. He didn't like the idea of Harper using his managerial clout to intimidate the girl in some way or another. Quite what he could do at that moment he did not know. But he'd form a plan. Yes, some kind of plan.

Colin dreamt again that night. This time, he was not about to spank a blanchmange like bottom but attempting to do something far more intimate with Miss Marsden. Yet, how frustrating it was! Every time his hand approached that soft young flesh, with the intention of slipping down into a deep, warm valley, a kind of paralysis seemed to overcome it. Try as he might he simply couldn't move it where he wanted it to go! Then, behind him, he could hear Harper laughing mockingly. Then he would see Mandy laughing as well. 'Think you've got some sort of chance, do you, what's-your name?' she kept on saying.

Colin awoke feeling exhausted and wretched, likely to be late for work if he didn't hurry.

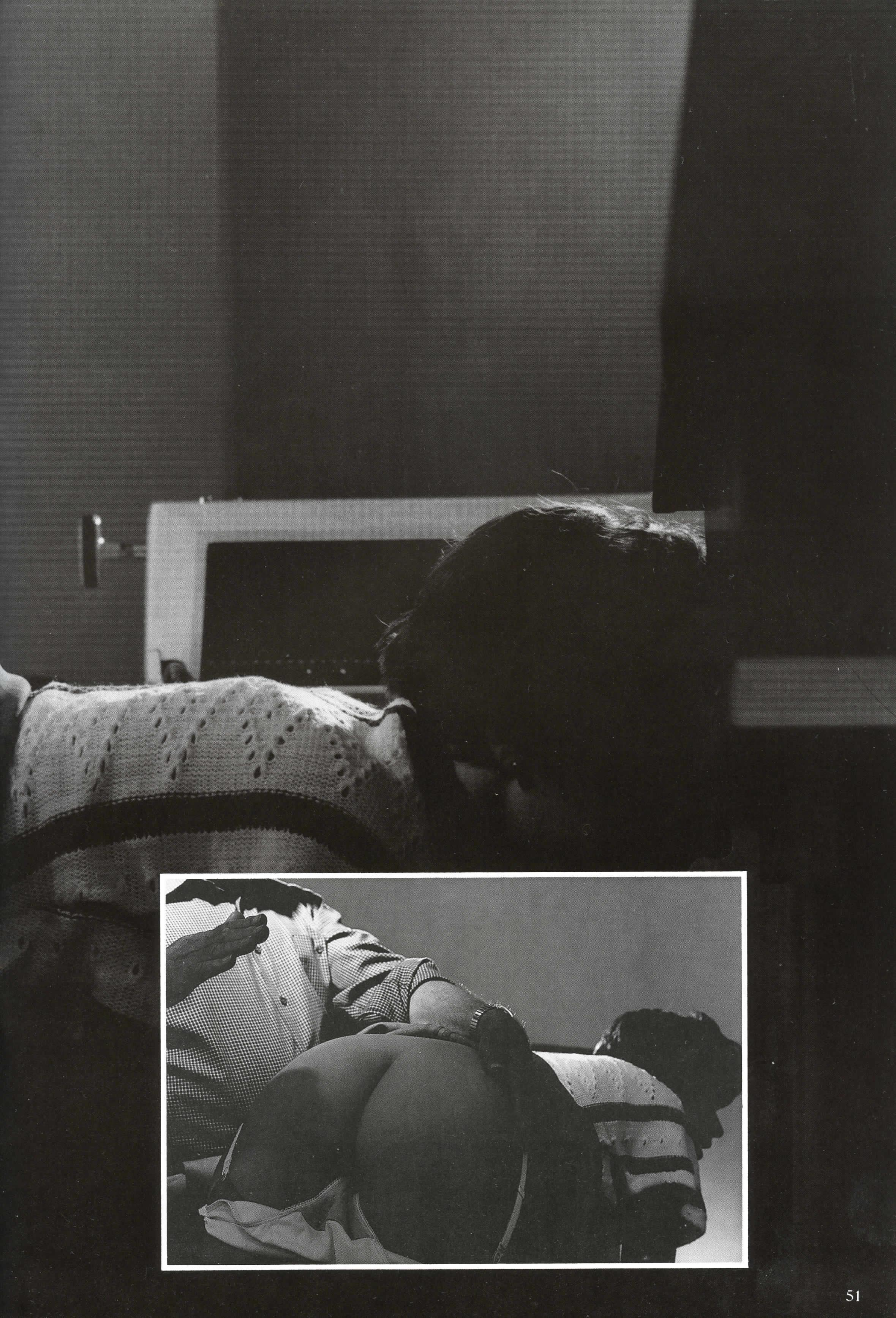
His chance, when it came, was of an opportunist nature.

On the following morning, the staff took part in a fire drill. During this, standing on a platform midway down one of the exterior iron stairways, Colin suddenly realised that the small green door facing him led directly into the small inner office in Harper's suite. It contained filing cabinets, copiers and the like. I could sneak in there, he thought on the spur of the moment, and have a listen. There was little risk of being discovered, and if he were, he could say he'd come in for one of the confidential files. He was entitled to do that and had been in that small office often before.

Just before one o'clock, Miss Marsden went into Harper's office. Dead on one, Colin left for his lunch









Smmmaaackkk! Just as Colin had imagined it would, it bounced back off the resilient young flesh, leaving a pink-red pattern behind.

'Owww...ooowww...ahh...' gasped the girl. 'Oh that... that's too hard... oh please... not so hard...'

Colin saw Harper grinning lustfully. How that man was enjoying himself! 'Don't give me orders, my girl,' said Harper... then slapped that curvaceous bottom again just as hard as he could.

Mandy yelped louder, bouncing up and down over the thighs, twisting and turning but unable to escape the tight grip about her waist. What a way to spend your lunch break, he thought, thinking of the girl's bare-bottomed helplessness. What a way for Harper to spend his lunch break!

Smackkk! And again. Smaaackkk! Lower down that bouncing, squirming bottom now. How lovely and red it was getting!

'Stoo...opp...it...oh stoo...oppp...that's enough!'

'I'm not even halfway yet, you little thief. And don't imagine I'm going to ease up.'

Thank God for that, thought Colin, getting a grip on himself. Go on, Harper, slap that lovely little bum hard. As hard as you can. Make her really squirm.

Harper obliged with two stinging slaps across the central area (already bright red) which had Mandy twisting almost right over. How she kicked! Oh what a lovely sight! The little madam was always putting on airs around the office but now she had lost all her dignity. Good...good! This was marvellous. Who'd ever have thought it?

Relentlessly, the spanking continued, with Harper's mouth a tight line, his balding head gleaming with perspiration. Seven! Eight! The girl was sobbing as well as yelling out as each furious slap set her bottom juddering wildly.



Good...good! More...More! Oh, give it to her Harper, it's just what she needs! Nine! Ten! Oh lovely... so lovely! Only two more to go. What a pity. Eleven! Twelve!

Harper stopped; then that lecherous bastard was running his hand over that burning bottom, while the girl went on sobbing and gulping. The caressing went on for a minute or more and Mandy seemed just too distraught to do anything about it. She lay there unresisting, perhaps because it was better than being spanked!

'Alright, girl,' said Harper abruptly, 'you can get dressed now.' Mandy got up stiffly and pressed two hands to her hot cheeks. 'Report to my office at the same time on the day after tomorrow.'

'Oh no...' the girl looked at him abjectly. 'Surely I've had enough?'

Harper simply shook his head. 'You'll do as I say, if you know what's good for you.' Colin grinned. Yes, that had been very good for little Miss High and Mighty. And

him, too. He watched Harper swivel back to his desk. Time I was off, thought Colin. I'll just wait until she's gone. That tight skirt was on again, tears had been dabbed away and concealing powder applied. Then the girl bottom-wriggled her way to the door on the far side of the office. It opened and closed behind her.

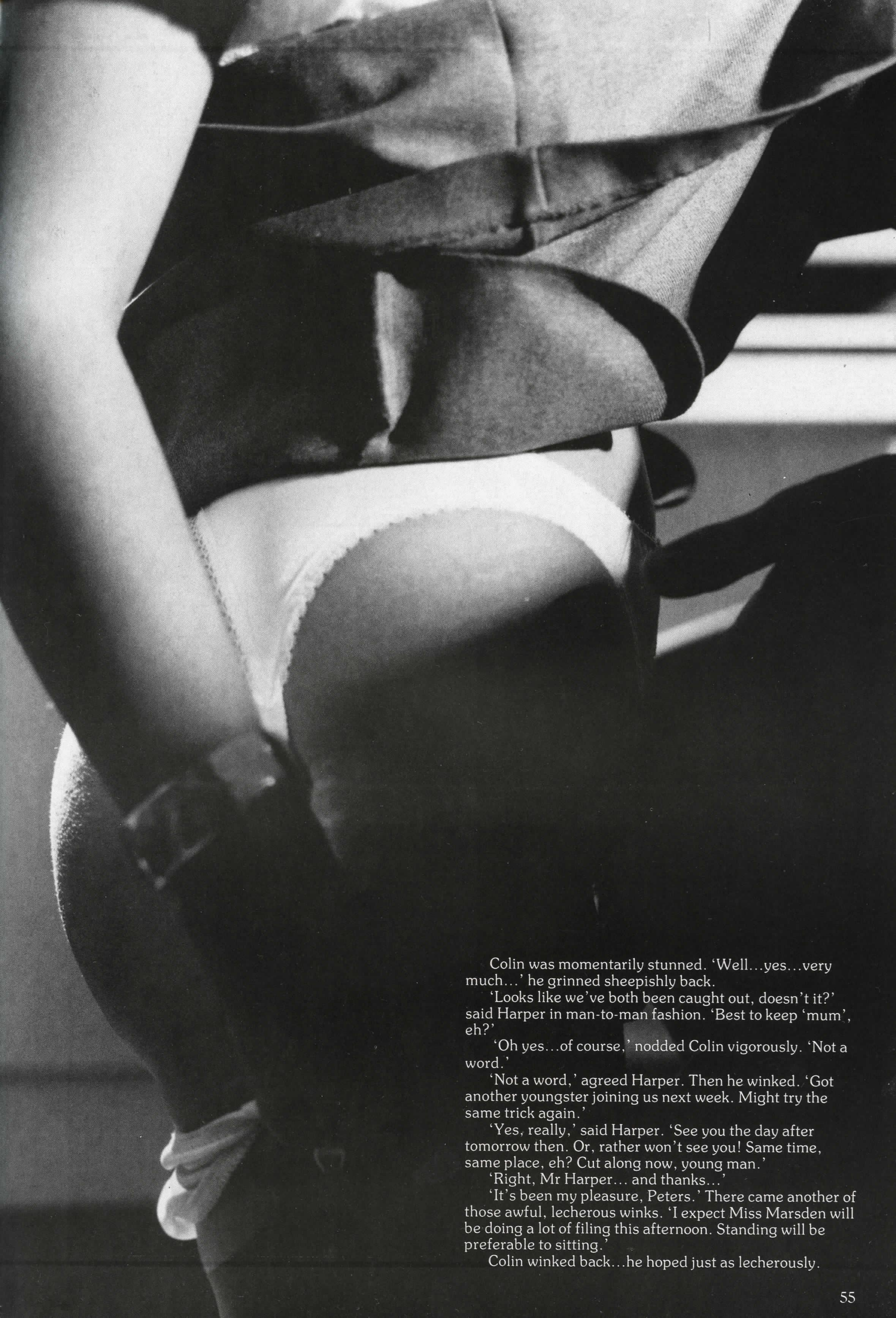
'Alright, Peters,' came Harper's voice. 'You can come in now.' Every nerve in Colin's body seemed to tingle simultaneously and he felt himself flushing all over. He'd been rumbled! But how...how? 'Come on, man, into my office!'

There was nothing else for it. He stepped through the door. I'll get the bullet for sure, he thought. And, immediately he was in the room, the reason why he had been discovered. On Harper's desk was a small TV monitor screen which scanned the inner office where confidential files were kept.

'I...I...j-just happened to be in the office..' Colin began.

'Don't lie, there's no point.' He looked stern, dabbing his high forehead with a multi-coloured handkerchief. Here it comes, thought Colin. Then, suddenly that rather cruel mouth twisted in a grin. 'Enjoy it?' asked Harper.





Colin was momentarily stunned. 'Well...yes...very much...' he grinned sheepishly back.

'Looks like we've both been caught out, doesn't it?' said Harper in man-to-man fashion. 'Best to keep 'mum', eh?'

'Oh yes...of course,' nodded Colin vigorously. 'Not a word.'

'Not a word,' agreed Harper. Then he winked. 'Got another youngster joining us next week. Might try the same trick again.'

'Yes, really,' said Harper. 'See you the day after tomorrow then. Or, rather won't see you! Same time, same place, eh? Cut along now, young man.'

'Right, Mr Harper... and thanks...'

'It's been my pleasure, Peters.' There came another of those awful, lecherous winks. 'I expect Miss Marsden will be doing a lot of filing this afternoon. Standing will be preferable to sitting.'

Colin winked back...he hoped just as lecherously.



Time, Melissa, Please.

Pierre Deauville, a French teacher on exchange at a girls' school in Berkshire, has been letting us into the secrets of how corporal punishment works at exclusive Kingsmead School. In previous issues of BLUSHES, he has described the school's infamous 'Two-Stripe' system which awards two strokes of cane or slipper to the girls' deserving backsides, and more recently the story related to him by a 17-year-old from a wealthy Somerset family of her punishment at the hands of her French tutor at home in the Summer holidays.

Melissa Hammond had been caught by Mr Deauville at a pub in the town some miles from the school: something which no girl, not even a prefect, is permitted to do. She agrees to take a strapping from Pierre rather than face a 'Two-Stripe' session which would almost certainly award her more than the minimum two strokes...

Pierre Deauville and Melissa Hammond travelled back from the town together in Pierre's car, as Melissa had missed the last bus while they sat in the car park and she explained how she had been beaten at home almost a year ago for not working hard enough with her private tutor: a man brought in from over fifty miles away to improve her language skills, at considerable expense. The punishment had had the blessing of her mother, which hadn't made it any easier to undergo.

Melissa ran a comb through her brown hair as they turned into the darkened rear entrance of the school, shielded from the main blocks by a double row of lime trees, and heavy bushes.

'I hope I'm not spotted getting back into the house, sir,' she worried, 'it's just I'm pretty late now.'

'This won't take long, Melissa, but I think it's better we get it over with now, don't you?' I said.

'Oh, yes sir. I think I'll say I've been over at the theatre helping to paint the set for the 6th form play: that's what I'm supposed to be doing this evening. They'll back me up.'

'That sounds fine,' I grunted as we turned into my parking space behind the science block. 'Out you get: I'll see you outside my door.'

Melissa slipped out of the car and slunk into the covered archway to my rooms on the first floor. The entire block was in darkness and at some distance from the main buildings. I was the only member of the teaching staff who lived there, in a suite of rooms used for visiting or exchange teachers. All the other rooms were used for teaching.

I locked the car, and trotted up the stairs. There, Melissa shuffled her feet as I unlocked the door and snapped on the light. She shook off her coat and hung it behind the door, revealing her school uniform of crisp white shirt and tie, and grey skirt. As it was the summer term, she wore tan stockings with her black regulation shoes.

'Can I pop to the loo, sir?' she asked.

'Of course: it's through there, in the bathroom,' I pointed.

The prospect of applying a leather strap to this mature teenager's bottom was one which I found, well — exciting, there's no denying it.

How many men have fantasised about disciplining a school-girl, even with just a hand-spanking? But to be in the situation of administering a thrashing with the girl's full consent was almost as unusual as being placed in a position of authority where one simply informs transgressing girls that they are to be punished, and then carries the punishment out. The chances of that happening to a man in a girls' school are virtually nil. So, fortunate indeed.

Melissa came back into the room as I was sorting through one of my cupboards for a suitable strap to use. There was a light plastic belt which was of little use, but no sign of a proper leather strap: 'I don't seem to have...' I began.

'What, no belt sir, What about a plimsoll, then? The prefects use them,' suggested Melissa.

'This is hardly an offence for the slipper, Melissa. You're very lucky not to be getting the cane.'

'I suppose not, sir, but the prefects make 'em sting like hell on the juniors in the dorm.'

'Do they, indeed?' This was getting frustrating, not being able to find a suitable belt. Suddenly, I

asked.

'Off, please.'

Equally carefully, she undid her tie, folded it and placed it on top of her skirt, then unbuttoned the shirt all the way, undid the cuffs, and slipped it back off her sun-kissed shoulders to reveal a plain white bra which struggled to contain its charges, the nipples straining almost painfully, it seemed, to escape the thin fabric. The upper curve of both breasts was as suntanned as the rest of the girl's body, and I wondered idly if she sunbathed topless — or even nude.

Now she stood only in white bra and knickers which did, I was pleased to observe, afford a glimpse of the discreet Y-shape where her buttocks started their plunge to fleshy fullness. She turned to face me, quiet now, no more jokes, as she eyed the strap nervously with the realisation that I was actually going to use it on her.

'Over the stool, sir?' she asked.

'Over the stool — lie over it, Melissa,' her tall body moved gracefully to stand by the stool, her buttocks undulating softly under the taut fabric, clenching as she prepared to lower herself over the stool. I wondered if I dared order her to lower her knickers, contemplating the risk if it were discovered. She had made no move to pull them down — or lift them up for that matter, as had been the case when she had been punished at home at 16. By this time, she had dropped down and draped her 5'8" svelte figure across the stool, her backside at the highest point, her legs straight out behind her and her hands taking her weight on the floor in front. She turned her head up to me.

'Are you going to take...?' Her question was left hanging in the air as a rapid pounding was heard on the stairs followed by a 'Rat-tat-tat' on my door.

'Christ, who's that?' hissed Melissa, lifting herself off the stool and grabbing her clothes off the armchair almost in one movement.

'Into the bedroom with you,' I whispered, turning to unlock and open the door. It was Karen Stone, the sixth-former whose caning I had witnessed last week.

'Ah Karen, what can I do for you this late at night?'

'It's Melissa Hammond, sir, is she with you?'

'No, no she's not I'm afraid. What made you think she might be?'

'My younger sister saw her getting out of your car round the back sir...'

'I don't know that, sir, but I thought Melissa ought to know that we've had an extension for painting the scenery tonight to get it finished

remembered that down in the biology lab there was an old razor strap — somewhat worn — but ideal for the purpose in hand. I resolved to go and fetch it.

'I'm popping down to the lab to fetch something. Wait here.' I slammed the door and took my pass key from my pocket to open the biology lab rear entrance. There it was. The handle was still intact, but the other end was frayed and the stitching broken where the hanging ring had torn off. Even better. No metal pieces to remove before it could be used.

I levered the nail out of the wall to release the length of leather, which the science mistress utilised to sharpen old cut-throats she occasionally used, in preference to scalpels, for preparing specimens for class.

As I walked back into my rooms, Melissa jumped nervously to her feet:

'I wondered what had happened to you sir. Is that what I'm going to get?' she looked at the worn, wide strip which dangled from my hand. 'Looks a bit old.'

'I'm sure it'll do the job,' I said, turning to lock the door. I noticed Melissa had drawn the curtains despite the fact we were not overlooked by any other buildings.

'I'm sure it will sir,' she agreed quickly. 'Where are we going to do it?'

'I think I'll have you bent over that piano stool. Bring it here, would you?' Melissa fetched the heavy low stool with its padded leather top, and wound the handle without being asked so that it was set at its maximum height. I had decided that it would be easier to apply the strap in a downwards motion while she lay over the stool than if she bent over and I had to swing it sideways.

'Take your skirt off, Melissa,' I ordered, and the girl fumbled at her waist before letting the garment drop to the floor. She picked it up and folded it before putting it carefully over the back of an armchair. There was less of the country-set sophisticate about her now as she stood before me, a mature girl but a school-girl nevertheless.

The long slim legs were dusted lightly with blonde hair, the sun-tan a definite bonus to her appearance. The firm thighs, I knew, led up to a pair of soft half-moon cheeks and a slender waist. Tantalisingly, the top of the cleavage between her buttocks could nearly always be seen in her overtight gym knickers at PE, but as yet I hadn't had the opportunity to see if her ordinary knickers provided the same benefit, as her shirt was too long.

'Shall I lift my shirt...?' she

in time, so we don't have to be in until eleven. She's helping sir,' finished Karen breathlessly.

'I see. Well, Melissa did pop in to pick up some books for me. I'm sure she'll be over in the theatre before too long. She may even be there already.'

'Great. Well, thank you, sir. Sorry to disturb you.' Karen smiled.

'Thank you Karen,' I said closing the door, waiting until her footsteps died away, and locking it. Melissa's head peeked through the bedroom door.

'Well, that's a piece of luck, sir,' she giggled, walking casually over to the stool in her underwear as if this happened every day. Her breasts quivered in the thin bra, and she stood hands on hips after a moment, facing me: 'On with the show, then, sir?'

'A Whacking We Will Go', starring Melissa Hammond in her first leading role!'

'Very funny, Melissa. You were about to ask me a question when we were so rudely interrupted...'

'Was I, sir? Oh, yes, I was asking if you were going to take these down,' she said, indicating her blue briefs.

'Well now, if you were at home about to be given the hairbrush by your old French Tutor, do you think you'd have to take them down?' I asked with a smile.

'Well, I don't know, 'cos he never got the chance to spank me as my work was so good. But if Cookie was on the business end, there wouldn't be any doubt. Actually, sir, I didn't tell you the whole truth about home. I told you Cookie hadn't whacked me since I turned sixteen.'

'That's right. You said the last time you were whacked was by your tutor last summer holidays.'

'She's a dear old thing, Cookie, but if you cross her she's a dragon. And I'd nicked a load of sherry out of her stock and daddy had accused her of not looking after things properly. That had never happened before, and when she found me in the wine cellar, she let me have it there and then.'

'What, a spanking?' I asked.

'And a half! She had me over her knee with my jeans and knickers down for about five minutes solid with that bloody hairbrush. She'd rescued it from the school-room. I should think the wood was as warm as my bum by the time she'd finished. But she was quite right: I deserved it! Wow, that was a whacking and a half.'

'And when was this?' I asked again.

'Oh, last hols sir.' She saw my eyebrows go up. 'Yes, I know 17's a bit old for a spanking, but Cookie's a



traditionalist. She's over 60, you know. And I didn't mind her doing it really.'

'Let's get on, shall we Melissa? Take your knickers down, and back over the stool with you.'

'I thought you'd say that,' she said with a smile as she hitched the thin blue fabric off her bottom and pushed it down to mid-thigh, waiting a moment before lying over the stool with a cheeky grin. 'I'm going to give you six, Melissa,' I told her, stepping up to her side and laying the cool leather across her now bare buttocks.

'Uh-oh. That sounds ominous. Six of the best and all that, sir,' she joked nervously. Her bottom tensed momentarily under the leather, then relaxed as I raised it above my right shoulder. The target area, marked in smooth white flesh against the golden tan of waist and thighs, was soft and yielding with her lying over the low stool, and I brought down the strap with a low 'Swooosh' to set up a ripple above and below the point of impact which made her whole rump quiver as the strap lifted for the second stroke.

The meaty 'Sllapp' of leather and bare teenage bottom meeting had surprised me. The sting had surprised Melissa, for she jerked forward on the stool and emitted a loud 'Yoowwwch! That belt's a stinger, sir.'

'I'm glad to hear it,' I said, bringing it down to cover the upper part of her buttocks with a ringing 'Sllapp' 'Yoweeee!' from Melissa.

Her bottom now bore two clear prints, bands of red across both cheeks, as I selected the lower end for the third stroke.

'Sppplllaaatttt!' The girl's backside was temporarily driven out of shape by the force of the blow, the bright red of this stroke contrasting with the now deeper red of the previous two strokes. Melissa's body jerked again, and her hands left the floor for a moment as if to grab her throbbing bottom. But she resisted the impulse, and lay still.

'That last one was a real **whacker**, sir,' she complained. It seemed, strangely, that the 17-year-old's bottom was more sensitive towards the fleshy lower end, and I lay the next stroke across the very crown of those glowing cheeks with a puff of exertion.

'Spplaaattt!' A jerk and a complaining 'Phewww!...wow! hang on, sir... God, that strap's a **stinger**! You know how to lay it on, sir, are you sure you haven't done this before?'

'Stop chattering, Melissa. Two more to come. Hold tight!' I swung the strap down in a curve to bite deep into the lowest part of the bare

rump, driving the fleshy masses upwards and outwards in a fierce reaction to the arriving leather:

'Yowwwwooooo!' she yelled. 'I'll take Mr Lamont's belt any time compared to this. And as for Cookie's hairbrush...'

Her bottom was tensed in anticipation of the last blow, the twin globes concave where the muscles clenched.

'Just relax. Last one.' I raised the strap, and her buttocks slowly quivered and relaxed into their now red-blotched softness. A swoosh, 'spplaaatttt!' as the hide landed across the most jutting part of her bottom, forcing the yielding flesh to accommodate it and eliciting a startled yelp from the recipient.

'Yarroooo! Aahhhhhh! Wow, Monsieur Deauville, I have to hand it to you, you certainly know how to whack a girl's bottom. That's the stingiest whacking I've **ever** had. I'm just glad you haven't got a **cane**, sir. You'd have my bum sliced in two.'

As Melissa struggled to her feet, I heard myself saying: 'With a bottom as well-padded and lovely as yours, Melissa, it's been a pleasure. And yours has been the first female bottom I have 'dealt with', as you say!'

'Well, next time, you'd better just use your hand, or I won't have such a lovely bottom any more,' she joked, pulling up her briefs.

'Next time, Melissa?'

'You know, if I need to be whacked for something. I'm on the exchange visit to your school next year, too, so I'll have to be extra good, won't I sir?' she grinned insolently. 'I'd better get a good big wooden hairbrush before I go home, then hadn't I? Particularly for girls who need whacking as regularly as you do!'

'I won't give you Cookie's. She'd be lost without it, especially with Becky needing a dose occasionally. That sister is **so** naughty sometimes!' she smiled again. 'Maybe I should bring her here!'

I grinned too.

'Could I have a quick bath, sir, to cool off?' she asked, tripping into the bathroom and peeling off knickers, socks and bra without waiting for an answer. Her firm breasts bobbed as she turned the taps on and then looked in the full-length mirror while massaging her bottom. I drank in the sight of the naked teenager as she bent to turn off the taps, her thighs tensed, her bottom full and rosy. This was one young lady who was bound to need to be 'dealt with' again in the future... I slapped her bare rear-end affectionately as she got into the bath:

'I think I'll hang on to this strap for the moment, Melissa' I said.



LETTERS

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Dear Sir,

My wife, Nicole, attended a private girls school somewhere in the home-counties for seven years, boarding for most of the time. Her description of the uniform is somewhat plain, comprising of navy blue pleated skirt, worn on the knee, white blouse, school tie and blazer. White knee-length socks were worn during Winter as was a navy cardigan, but ankle socks were permitted in Summer.

Regulation knickers were navy or white, elasticated at the waist and gusseted in the crotch. Sixth form girls were, as a privilege allowed to wear stockings, but not tights as these were considered unhygienic for pubescent young ladies. Stockings were regulation black, seamed or unseamed and were supported by white suspenders consisting of four straps attached to an elasticated belt, ending with four chromium-plated clips. Flat-heeled, black lace up shoes were worn by all girls and regular inspection were held to ensure all regulation items were being worn.

Punishment by caning or strapping was firmly believed in, the Headmistress dealing with junior girls by cane, whereas the Headmaster, who favoured the strap,

dealt with senior girls. My wife received the cane on many occasions as a junior which were delivered as follows: the girl reported to the headstudy on Friday afternoon as summoned by announcement in assembly that morning and would explain her offence to the Headmistress. The offender would then be told her punishment and the number of strokes. The girl would stand on a footstool behind a designated chair and bend double over the chair-back, placing palms flat on it's seat. The Headmistress would then either unfasten the waist band of the skirt and allow it to drop or raise the back of the skirt and tuck it into the waist band. To avoid attempts at protective padding, the seat of the knickers was peeled back to expose the girl's buttocks. A card on which a standard form of apology was written would be placed on the chair seat and the girl would recite the apology while receiving her punishment. When sufficient strokes had been delivered and knickers and skirt replaced, the girl would stand down from the stool, thank the Headmistress for the punishment, curtsy and leave the study.

In the case of sixth-formers, the Headmaster administered the punishment, using a leather strap which was approximately 1½ inches wide and two feet long. Having reported, after school, to the Headstudy, the girl would stand in front of the Headmaster, who would be seated in the middle of the room, and explain her offence. She would be told her punishment and take a step nearer the Head, who remained seated. The Head then would unfasten each suspender-clip in turn. He would carefully roll down each stocking then instruct the girl to adopt one of a variety of suitable positions. One position consisted of the girl kneeling on the footstool then leaning forwards to place her hands on the floor while the Headmaster stood astride her and strapped her buttocks from above. Another favoured position was for the girl to lie on the chaise-lounge on her back, arms held straight at the sides, while the Head, using a strap fastened around the girl's ankles, lifted the legs to the vertical thus exposing the buttocks. My wife says she was subjected to this form of punishment on numerous occasions and hated it.

I was interested to learn from Nicole that, as a result of her pleading with the Head not to apply the strap to her behind, she was given the option of a spanking across his lap which, he obviously enjoyed giving her.

I am inclined to doubt that my wife's behaviour at school improved

as a result of canings because the essence of such punishment is humiliation to generate respect for authority and in her case it generated resentment, from which my predicament seems to result. In general, of course, C.P. if delivered without causing injury (except to the recipient's pride), is the best way of maintaining discipline amongst women of all ages and should be used for this purpose, not least in the marital bedroom where male authority is of paramount importance.

Yours sincerely,

K. J. H., Middx.

Dear Sirs,

My companion and I are interested in disciplinary matters, particularly in connection with shapely bottoms. When we meet people in need of firm handling, there is no difficulty about the administration of what is needed and they are left in no doubt about the efficacy of treatment. They are able to have a distinct impression made on them.

Janet is my pupil, so naturally she has less experience of disciplining others than I have. But being a pupil she is of course obedient, and if she is told to use a cane or a whip she does so. Her acquaintance with the subject is more as a passive than as a active agent. She relishes a sound thrashing, even though it reduces her to tears. I use a cane (thick or thin according to choice), a thin whip (two leather thongs), a plastic belt, a thick piece of rubber and a whip made of about half a dozen short leather thongs. Each of these has a different effect and produces a different result. The whips, of course, are useful for curving round mounds and diving into valleys. Last time we visited another couple, Janet certainly lashed into the man's bottom but I think she got more excitement from seeing me attend to the lady, whose experience of the whip was very limited. She felt it in places she had not realised were eligible to take it!

We both enjoy reading **BLUSHES** and looking at the reddened bottoms. If you publish this letter, we will write again soon.

Best Wishes,

Dennis and Janet, Surrey

Name and Address supplied.

Dear Editor,

There is an old proverb that it is the first step that counts. This, as I

expect many readers know, is particularly true when it comes to discipline. One has to choose the right moment to administer the first smack, that results in open-mouthed amazement; if the reaction is a furious protest then the moment was wrong. One has to choose the right moment to give the order to raise the skirt (No, higher than that!) or unbutton that blouse, the results in slow and embarrassed compliance with the order; but once obedience has been obtained, it is merely necessary to keep up the pressure. Failure to carry out instructions immediately they are given is looked upon as something extraordinary; the subject should be made to feel that she is behaving outrageously should she try to reassert her independence of action (and later, of thought).

I had a real problem with a girl. I was fortunate in that she worked in my office, and she was trained to remove her knickers before she entered my room. She would then stand by my desk — within reach — until I signed to her to lift her skirt. This she would do, then part her legs so that I could handle her if I wanted to; sometimes she would wait in vain. When there was no-one in earshot she would bend over the desk for a dozen or so on the bottom with a ruler. But there was one great problem. She had (still has, for that matter) very soft flesh that marked easily, and it was not long before she begged me not to hit too hard. Her husband had noticed the marks, and she had had quite a job explaining them away. Fortunately he was used to her bruising at the slightest knock, and her explanation was accepted. But what were we to do? For one thing, it is never good to stop discipline once it has been instituted; although the reason may be good it is impossible for the girl not to feel that much less submissive and the master to feel that some of his mastery has been removed.

The answer was simple, although the girl was aghast when it was explained to her. There is one spot on the female body that tends not to give evidence of its having been chastised, mainly because it is so seldom revealed to the gaze of onlookers. So the evening came when, all other staff having gone home, my young lady knickerless and minus tights, lay on her back on the office floor in fear and trembling. 'Please, not too hard!' she pleaded as she spread her bent knees and looked with dread at the upraised cane. She shrieked as the cane landed in the cleft, and her legs instinctively shut tight. A sharp 'open!' reminded her of her duty, and slowly the target came into view

again. Six times the cane rose and fell that evening, and she felt very sore and sorry for herself by the time the last cut landed. But she admitted that as she kissed the cane and thanked me for teaching her to be a good girl she felt a thrill of achievement that a last she had been able to be disciplined as I had told her she would be and as we had been afraid would be impossible. When she arrived at work next morning, she told me that she had been thinking of the caning all the previous evening and longing to have it again. I told her that I had caned her very gently for the first time (which was untrue, but I thought it as well to prepare her for harsher measures) and she merely shook her head and said that did not matter — she needed the discipline and that it was her duty to accept it.

From then on there were no problems. Her disciplining was carried out (usually with a cane) on that one spot. Sometimes she would come to me and confess that she had had thoughts that a girl ought not to have, and ask to be punished. Occasionally I risked using a strap or a whip on other parts of her body, and although she was afraid of having the marks seen at her home she sometimes begged me to continue. I had to think hard for a solution, but I found it in the end.

Yours Truly,

F. T., Merton.

Replies to our Researcher,
John Hotten.

Dear John,

Thank you for your kind letter.

My wife does not enjoy being spanked at all, except only in so far as it pleases me. It is only from love. I could write accounts of a woman who is totally new to spanking being gradually acquainted into its rituals. The point of mentioning my wife was to further the central issue that one would like very much to see (and hear) your models spanked much more soundly, as appropriate to a

more soundly as appropriate to a punishment. I, for one, would deeply wish to see the petite blonde in 'What Bottoms are For' spanked and paddled for an hour by the brilliant master of Sally. I would prefer this in the headmaster's study with her in a short school-skirt, totally as a sustained punishment. You obviously know your rates; I realise that hers would have to suit the occasion.

I am an academic historian and, as you will now, history is replete with, full of, woman-beating, itself being only a pale reflection of the

sadistic cruelty which has always been commonplace. Gratuitous killing, prolonged suffering in popular executions, dungeons, stocks, whipping posts, hanging in public (until 1868, then made private, causing riots) caning far, far beyond reason; a spanking in private was bliss against such a background. Women have only *been* able to vote since 1918. Any woman who previously called for rights were ducked, a horrible torture. Her ladyship was surely delighted in 1678 when the Duke of York (soon to be James 1st) sent her to be caned instead of being tied to the back of the cart and whipped around London, the normal punishment, so much enjoyed as entertainment by Londoners. There was not any limit to the number of strokes until the eighteenth century; three dozen was a great step forward and 'six of the best' was an unbelievable kindness. There was an Act of Parliament in 1655 to stop wife-beating after nine o'clock because it kept neighbours awake and another in 1850 to stipulate the width of the cane that husbands put across the bare bums of wives.

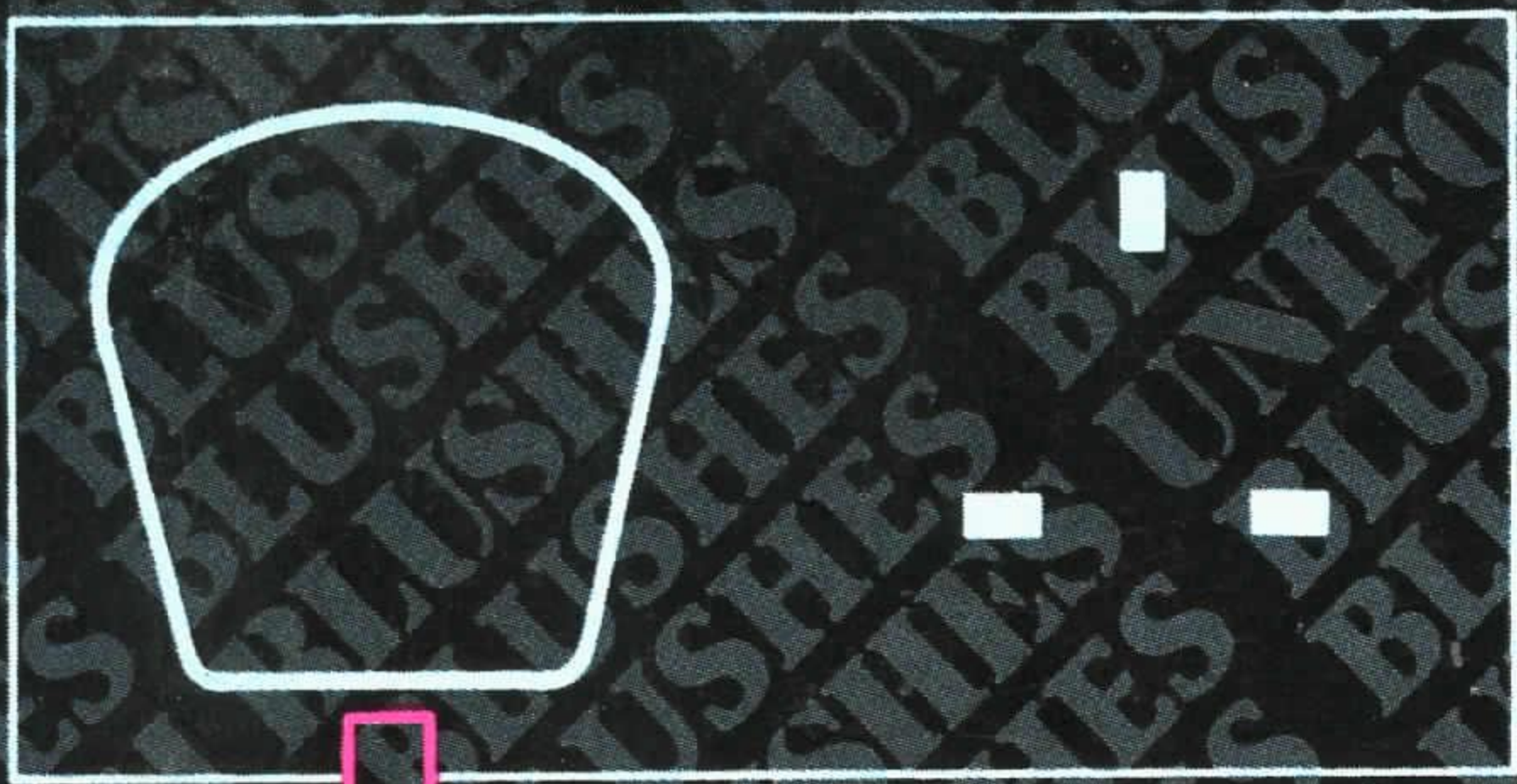
I also possess clinical knowledge and both history and medical examination of women show total domination of women through their bodies. This may be why women so value romance, yet why so many develop cunning. I have my own library from which to write true accounts of domination, through buying slave women, to girls going to husbands chosen for the girl partly because he will spank her whenever she displays temper — to buying girls (until Mr W Stead came along) from very grateful working-class parents and taking the girl back to luxurious things such as a bedroom, a bath and a wardrobe and even make-up, before being undressed, given a bath and a thorough internal examination.

Let me know whether you would like to print a series on: 'Women Through The Ages.' I do congratulate you on your new 'Costumes' series; perhaps I can help you there in authenticity; I am sure that I can. You are the leaders in the field of the most exciting activity on Earth: possessing a woman's bottom, draping it over the masculine knee or lap; ordering it to undress or undressing it yourself; watching it obediently reach down to its toes whilst you take up your position with all the time in the world — and all as natural as the dawn. I believe that you will improve and improve.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Yours sincerely,

A Saxon, [M. D.]



SWITCHED ON?

BLUSHES